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## M. DE MONTALEMBERT AND HIS CANDID FRIENDS.

THE conduct of M. DE MONTALEMBERT in prosecuting his appeal, and refusing a pardon till it had been tried, has been strangely misinterpreted by the *Times*. A pardon is a very different thing from an acquittal. An acquittal sends a man away innocent. A pardon sends him away a convicted criminal, owing his immunity from punishment to the mere grace of the Sovereign. It was at one time doubted by our own lawyers whether a pardon even removed the civil disabilities incurred by the conviction—it does not remove the incompetency to give evidence in a court of justice incurred by a conviction for perjury. What M. DE MONTALEMBERT sought of the laws of his country, if his country still had laws, was not a pardon, but an acquittal. Till his appeal had been heard, and his conviction confirmed, he was in the eye of the law—even of the law of France—an innocent man, not needing pardon; and to have accepted a pardon before his appeal had been heard would have been implicitly to acknowledge that the EMPEROR was above the law. It is surprising that any one so well informed as the writers in the *Times* should overlook the fact that an accused person is not convicted till he has been condemned in the last resort, and that to give any Government a power of pardoning the objects of State prosecutions before conviction would be to enable that Government to get out of a false position at the expense of the character and social status of the person injured. What should we have said if our Government had assumed the power of pardoning O'CONNELL and the other objects of the Irish State trials, pending their appeal against the conviction to the House of Lords? It is a singular mistake to represent LOUIS NAPOLEON's pardon as a retraction, or as cancelling the injury done. It was a mere act of clemency extended to one whom it implied to be a convicted offender, and extended in the most offensive form. The Court of Appeal itself has nullified the pardon in part, by quashing the conviction on two counts, and reducing the penalty in proportion. M. DE MONTALEMBERT has, moreover, entirely succeeded in the main object of his appeal, though the *Times* strangely seems to have been ignorant of the fact. The reversal of the two graver counts of the accusation relieves him from the fearful prospective liability in which, under the law of the 27th February, the original conviction, if fully confirmed, would have involved him. He will not now be subject for the remainder of his life to deportation at any moment to Algeria or Cayenne at the pleasure of the Executive. Thus the issue has completely justified a decision which was as prudent as it was dignified; and the *Times* itself informs the world, by the pen of its Paris Correspondent, that the result of the appeal is considered, "without," he believes, "a dissentient voice, as a triumph for the plaintiff" and a decided check for the Government." M. DE MONTALEMBERT has obtained a legal discharge from the only serious portion of his punishment, and LOUIS NAPOLEON may now, if he sees fit, exercise the prerogative of pardon as to the rest.

The truth is, the *Times* has, we venture to think, somewhat misinterpreted M. DE MONTALEMBERT's motives throughout the whole affair, though, at the commencement, it nobly sustained the honour of the English Press by its generous and powerful articles in his favour. We know M. DE MONTALEMBERT's defects as a public man—we know that, like most active spirits, he likes to play a conspicuous part, and that to be the champion and orator of an oppressed cause is a part which has for him the greatest fascinations. But he is not the man to court political martyrdom for the sake of making a sensation. His object was not to be "the most celebrated man in Europe," nor to enjoy "the triumph of having been the private gentleman who

"ran full tilt at the despotic ruler of 35,000,000 of people, the master of 400,000 actually under arms." He has fought, not for the vulgarized and tainted name of a political martyr, nor for the applauses of the gods to whom political martyrs play, but for a real object; and that object is one connected, not with Europe, but with France. For France he has waged with LOUIS NAPOLEON a struggle against the arbitrary repression of opinion, similar to that which HAMPDEN waged with CHARLES I. against arbitrary taxation. HAMPDEN would not have been content to stay legal proceedings, and abandon his principle on receiving back his thirty shillings from the KING as an act of grace on the birthday of HENRIETTA MARIA; neither has M. DE MONTALEMBERT been content to stay his appeal, and abandon the principle which he was maintaining, on receiving a remission of a nominal imprisonment and a trifling fine. It signifies nothing to him that he "does not fall into the arms of Europe." He did not desire to "fall into the arms of Europe," but to make an effort for the redemption of France. To that effort he was stimulated, not by the prospect of applauding articles in foreign journals, but by the feeling, agonizing to his chivalrous spirit, that though not a young man, he was one of the youngest men in France in whom lived the traditions of liberty and honour—that, under a system studiously sensualizing, the moral twilight which comes between freedom and despotism was fast deepening into utter night, and the protest of the better part of France must be made at once or never. It is misreading the man altogether to fancy that his object was to be for an hour the most celebrated man in Europe, or that the perishing honour of France was not the object which had long possessed his ardent mind. In his own country, as a patriot in the strictest sense of the term, he has engaged in a constitutional struggle, and Englishmen are bound by all the great examples of their own history to applaud him for engaging in such a struggle and to applaud him for maintaining it to the end.

We have no wish to gloss over any of those errors of M. DE MONTALEMBERT's past career which have been carefully reproduced from the biographical dictionaries by the EMPEROR's supporters in the English press. On the contrary, we gladly insist on the moral which those errors point when compared with M. DE MONTALEMBERT's present course. This is the man who, misled by his devotion to the Papacy, sanctioned, or rather clamoured for, the iniquitous expedition to Rome. This is the man who, misled by his dread and hatred of Republican excesses, approved the *coup d'état*, and consented to become a member of the puppet Legislature which it produced. His resistance to the system of the French Government is not that of an enemy of religion or of a Red Republican, and this fact has told. The MONTALEMBERT case has been a turning point in the controversy between Constitutionalism and Imperialism. For the first time, it has been clearly seen by all freemen that the cause of French liberty, however tainted by past excesses, is not necessarily that of anarchy and community of goods. For the first time, all the important organs of the English press have been on the same side—even those which have been hitherto led by their ecclesiastical as well as their political sympathies, to look favourably on a Government "conscientious enough" to use for its own purposes the alliance of the French Church. The ugly dream of Imperialism has passed away from English minds for ever, and England is entirely herself again. It is difficult to believe that, but a few years ago, almost the whole of our press was holding language which might have better become the ante-chambers of the Tuileries. Unhappily, in the case of nations as well as of men, a salutary change of opinion may give a better course to the future, but it cannot undo the past. In our moment of moral forgetfulness we gratuitously conspired

to raise up a power which now threatens European civilization with a greater peril than it has undergone since the throne of the first NAPOLEON was laid in the dust by the retributive justice of oppressed and plundered nations.

We must, as members of the English Press, briefly advert, before quitting this subject, to a point which has been raised by Sir FRANCIS HEAD in his controversy with the *Times*. Sir FRANCIS HEAD claims, in effect, that LOUIS NAPOLEON and his Government should be exempted from the exercise of that right of free discussion which the English Press assumes, for the benefit of the English people, in regard to the affairs of foreign countries, and which no more involves a meddling with the affairs which are discussed in the case of the French Government than in that of the Government of the American Republic and other democracies, freely enough criticised by Tory writers of the school of Sir F. HEAD. The ground for this special exemption in the case of LOUIS NAPOLEON must be either gratitude or fear. As to gratitude, considering LOUIS NAPOLEON's original position, the conduct of England and English statesmen towards him, the benefit which he derived from that conduct, the war in which we were involved by his intrigues in the East, the manner in which that war was concluded, and the subsequent bearing of the French Government towards us, we venture to think the debt of this country is not very heavy, and that it may be paid by the ordinary good offices of one friendly Power towards another. Fear is not a motive which England very readily admits. But if it is to operate—if silence on this subject is best for the interests of the State—silence there must be. What Sir F. HEAD and his party demand is not silence. They demand that the English press should speak on French affairs, but that it should speak only on one side. The journals which habitually glorify LOUIS NAPOLEON, and which find an excuse for every act of despotism and oppression that his Government commits, are to write on—the journals on the other side are to be gagged, or play the hypocrite. We shall be glad to see the draft of Sir FRANCIS HEAD's threatened Bill for forcing the English press to write exclusively on his side.

#### THE DEMAGOGUE—HIS CONSISTENCY AND LOGIC.

THERE is a story of the owner of a garden who once detected a gentleman just mounting the top of his wall. The proprietor, who did not enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance, not unnaturally inquired where he was going to. The intruder (who by his accent seemed to have been born on the other side of the Tweed) replied, with the admirable prudence and self-possession characteristic of his countrymen, "I am ganging back again." Mr. BRIGHT seems to be imitating the discretion of the Scot. In answer to the pressing inquiries which have been addressed to him as to his intentions, it appears that he, too, is "ganging back again." His retreat has commenced with the surrender of the darling project of electoral districts. It suits Mr. BRIGHT, now that he finds even the most extreme section of his own party dead against him on this question, to pretend that he never advocated electoral districts. The opinions of so unscrupulous an agitator are becoming day by day of less importance in proportion as his want of accuracy and consistency are more and more exposed. Nevertheless, when he has had the astonishing audacity to say at Edinburgh—"I have never, since I wrote or spoke on the question of Reform, said a single syllable on what are called equal electoral districts," it is perhaps worth while just to point out the recklessness of "the man who offers himself as the expounder of the opinions and the guide of the deliberations of his countrymen." He says that Mr. NEWDEGATE's argument "leads directly and inevitably to equal electoral districts," because "he gives us the population of the counties and the population of the boroughs." But has Mr. BRIGHT never furnished us with an argument founded on a comparison of the population of the counties and the population of the boroughs, which leads no less directly and inevitably to equal electoral districts? Did not he tell us at Birmingham that the great question of all was "the distribution of members?" Did he not there formally occupy the very ground which Mr. NEWDEGATE has since taken up, and which he himself now professes to repudiate? "We are for arithmetic in the question of Reform, and if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER proposes to deal with it in that way, we have no objection to carry out the principle fully." We

suppose that Mr. BRIGHT's friends have since given him reason to think that he had better, if he can, be off the bargain which he was in such a hurry to conclude with Mr. DISRAELI. Is it true, or anything like the truth, that Mr. BRIGHT "never said a single syllable on what are called equal electoral districts?" If so, what is the meaning of this passage:—"I now come to the question which, I believe, all persons who have studied the matter will readily agree is one of great importance to the country—How your members shall be allotted to the various constituent bodies? I will ask you this simple question—What is the obvious rule which would recommend itself to any man when first about to arrange this allotment? Would he not argue in this way? The law has given certain persons the right of voting, and it presumes that every person who has that right is capable of deciding how he shall vote. Every elector, therefore, is of the same importance in the eye of the law, and why, then, should not every elector vote for the same portion of the whole Parliament? I don't for a moment argue that it is necessary that we should get an actuary to apportion the number of members exactly according to his calculation of the number of the population, but we have a fair right to an honest approximation, and without it there can be no fair representation of the people."

Thus Mr. BRIGHT's view of a "fair representation of the people" is "an honest approximation" to a system by which "every elector shall vote for the same portion of the whole Parliament." And yet, forsooth, he has never uttered a word in favour of equal electoral districts. No, not when he said—"If we are at liberty to draw science, products for our manufactures, and literature from any country in the world, why should we not, if we see anything good in the politics of another country, be equally at liberty to take a lesson in that respect also?" And he then gives us the following as an illustration of the "good things of politics" in which we are to take a lesson:—"In all the sovereign and independent States of America there is a franchise as wide as that which I have proposed; there is an exact equal allotment of members to the electors; and there is throughout most of the States the protection of the Ballot." We shall not be surprised soon to hear from Mr. BRIGHT that he has "never said a syllable in favour of the Ballot." But our profound political regenerator did not confine himself to general principles. He condescended to specify the particular remedy which he proposed:—"Look at London, putting aside the City; if you were to divide the six boroughs of which the metropolis is made up, you would still have twelve boroughs with 300,000 population, each larger than the population of Birmingham. . . . Divide them again, and you would have twenty-four boroughs, each of 150,000 population, with 5000 electors, and when the franchise is extended, the number would be still greater. I say that the metropolitan boroughs, and all large boroughs, ought to be divided or subdivided; they ought to have double, or treble, or quadruple, their present number." Here is the "nearest approximation" with a vengeance. This is the great panacea of "every elector voting for the same portion of the whole Parliament," reduced to its practical form. And the result is a grave proposition to at once multiply by four the number of metropolitan members. No wonder that the stomach of the nation has risen at the dainty dish which the modern CLEON has dressed for it.

But then, says Mr. BRIGHT at Glasgow, "I deny altogether that I have abandoned one single opinion which I first promulgated at Birmingham." Last week we called attention to the ludicrous blunder into which this sagacious and well-informed agitator had fallen as to the analogy on which he based his projected Reform. At Edinburgh, he repeated the same fallacy in a manner which exposed his ignorance in a still more glaring light. "Throughout England and Wales," he said, "the whole franchise—the whole power of election in parochial matters—is based upon this right of being rated, and upon this basis which I propose. With regard to the repair of highways, for example, with regard to Church-rates, with regard to a variety of matters in which parishes interfere, any man who is rated can vote. In our Poor-law unions, which are districts comprising many parishes, the same franchise has been established by Act of Parliament. I venture to say that the experience of the past in our parishes and in our Poor-law unions, has sufficiently demonstrated that, to that extent at least, the people of England, and, I doubt



"not, the people of Scotland and the people of Ireland, "may be fairly and safely entrusted with the right of "electing members to the House of Commons." Now, we took the liberty of pointing out to Mr. BRIGHT that "the franchise which has been established by "Act of Parliament" in the Poor-law unions is wholly different from that which he proposes to create for electoral purposes—that neither "with regard to the "repair of highways," nor "with regard to Church-rates," nor "with regard to the variety of matters in which parishes "interfere," do men vote on the system, or anything like the system, which he advocates. We observe that some foolish and blunder-headed persons have sought to cover Mr. BRIGHT's ignorance by masking it under their own superior density. But they have merely demonstrated that it is possible for more persons than one to be equally unintelligent and equally ill-informed on the matters which they presume to handle. Mr. BRIGHT, at least, has too much sense to pretend that the parochial franchise which he had taken as his model was the old common-law right which existed before the parochial suffrage was, as he correctly states, "established by Act of "Parliament." He, at least, does not drivel about the "old "Saxon tree of liberty," which seems to be the penny-a-line version of "scot and lot" voting. We are concerned with the English Constitution in the year 1858, and not with the politics of the Heptarchy. Mr. BRIGHT is not so stolid as to imagine that the show of hands, and not the poll, is the true test of the limits of electoral right; for, if so, as every man now votes at the nomination, we may be already said to enjoy universal suffrage. Nor could he be guilty of the stupidity of supposing that an exceptional piece of legislation as to Metropolitan vestries affected the general principle which has been established throughout the country for parochial government. In the recent Metropolitan Act, it is true that the system of plurality of voting (which still remains the general law of parish government) has been departed from; but it has only been dispensed with on the condition of imposing a high property qualification on the persons eligible as vestrymen—a limitation which we think Mr. BRIGHT is as little likely to include in his scheme as that of the plurality of votes.

The member for Birmingham has a clearness of perception which his apologists do not seem to enjoy. He does not attempt to cover his blunders by a further exposure of his ignorance—he meets the difficulty, as alone it can be met, by the unblushing impudence which is the political capital of the demagogue. "I am told," he says, "that I have misunderstood the franchise as it exists "in the parishes of England. I am told that votes are given "in our parish unions in proportion to the property held by "the electors. Some electors have one vote, and some have "as many as six." Mr. BRIGHT, by the way, has not even yet got his lesson perfect, for we showed him last week that some have as many as twelve. Having, however, at last learned his error by our assistance, how does he deal with "the experience of the past in our parishes," on which he had only five days before so eloquently enlarged at Edinburgh? Why, he simply throws it overboard. How does he deal (now that he has been taught what it is) with the franchise which he told us at Manchester was "adopted by Parliament when they came to legislate for Poor-"law unions"—which, we were emphatically assured, is "a "franchise with which everybody has been contented, which "nobody has condemned, and which has done no harm to law, "or order, or the security of property?" Why, this consistent and scrupulous gentleman, who "does not come to speak "simply the temporary passion and sentiment of the hour"—who has "a deep sense of the responsibility under which "every man ought to speak who offers himself as the ex-"pounder of the opinions or the guide of the deliberations of "his countrymen,"—has the assurance, now that this precedent is found not to suit his purpose, to turn round upon the franchise "with which everybody has been contented and "which nobody has condemned," and says that "it is not a very "pleasant plan." Nay, so out of humour is he now with the system on which he had professed to model his own scheme, and to whose satisfactory working he so confidently appealed, that he affirms that the adoption of anything of the sort would be "to cast the most deadly, unchangeable, and "ineradicable insult upon the working classes of this country."

But this is not all. Having appealed to the "experience "of the past," he has, somehow or other, to get over this awkward fact of the system of plurality of votes being established in the institutions of our local government. While

he affirms that the principle which he proposes has "had the "sanction of the greatest minds and greatest patriots of the "country," he has to account for the embarrassing circumstance, that for the last forty years—not in a single statute, but in a long and methodical course of legislation—Parliament has proceeded on a totally different and opposite principle, which he designates as "not a very pleasant plan." The manner in which he tries to get out of the scrape is what the Yankees would call "a caution." "The defence and justification of "it (i.e., of the plurality of votes), is that, as the question is a "question of expenditure in the immediate locality—the making "of roads, for instance, and a variety of objects requiring to "be attended to by our various local governments—it might "possibly end in throwing an enormous inequality of expendi-"ture and taxation on a particular firm, or a few individuals "in a particular parish or district." Who is the man that says that a rating franchise, not restricted by provisions giving a compensatory influence to property, "might "possibly end in throwing an enormous inequality of "taxation on a few individuals?" Who is the man that thus impeaches the wisdom, the justice, the fairness of a numerical majority? Who is the man that maintains the argument that, in the administration of local affairs and the disposal of local funds, it would not be safe to leave property at the mercy of numbers? Why, it is no other than JOHN BRIGHT, the champion of popular rights. At Manchester he said—"If this franchise acts on the "whole advantageously in the parish, it may be trusted with-"out danger in that more important representation which "concerns the Imperial Legislature." But now he says— "Though you can't trust the system which I propose in your local government—though you cannot, dare not, and ought not to leave your poor rates and your highway rates at the disposal of a mere numerical majority—there is no sort of risk in entrusting to a majority interests which they can far less understand, and a power which they will have far more temptation to abuse. We are content that Mr. BRIGHT's character for statesmanship should be judged by this doctrine, that the risks to be apprehended from the preponderance of numbers over property are less in the administration of the Empire than in that of the Parish. A more perfect specimen of the logic and temper of the demagogic mind it would be difficult to procure. First, he says, "I have an admirable precedent—a system which "has been adopted by the Legislature—which has given "satisfaction to the public—which has produced no mis-"chiefs, and which is identical with that which I pro-"pose." Then he finds out that his precedent, instead of sustaining his project, is grounded on principles diametrically opposite to those which he advocates. He gets out of the scrape in a way truly characteristic. Well, what does it signify? It may be that my precedent is an authority dead against my plan. The theory which I maintained was perfectly satisfactory, and had been proved by experience to be beneficial, is precisely the opposite of what I propose. But what of that? Though I lose my analogy, I will keep my plan. If the facts are against me, tant pis pour les faits. "What I am offering you," he says in effect, "is nothing new, it is just your old parochial fran-"chise; there is nothing changed in it except that a man "of large property, instead of having twelve times as many "votes as a man of small, has just the same. The difference "is not worth mentioning."

We have selected these examples of the method in which Mr. BRIGHT has dealt with the two capital questions of electoral districts and a rating franchise, in order to give our readers an insight into the real working of the true demagogic mind. They will find, if we mistake not, that its chief characteristics are recklessness of facts, disrespect for authority, insatiableness of vituperation, incapacity for logic, and shamelessness under detection.

#### THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE most remarkable feature in the PRESIDENT'S Message is the almost unprecedented absence of expressions of hostility to England. Only one opportunity has been afforded within the last twelvemonth for the orators and journalists of the Union to air their patriotism by reproductions of the famous Pogram Defiance, and the PRESIDENT has some pretext for alleging that the right of visit has been abandoned, although in fact it has only, in accordance with former declarations, been disclaimed as obviously untenable.

Former Messages, after professing the utmost desire for friendly relations with England, have generally proceeded to lament some wanton encroachment which rendered the establishment of harmony impracticable. On the present occasion, the usual preamble is only followed by a reference to past disputes, and by an intimation that even the CLAYTON-BULWER negotiation may possibly arrive, in course of time, at a satisfactory conclusion. The temperate language of the Message justifies the foresight of the few English observers who desired two years ago the success of the older and abler candidate for the Presidency. A weak Government at Washington invariably attempts to earn popularity by the encouragement of national antipathies, real and affected. Mr. BUCHANAN, although he is supposed to have no strong prepossessions in favour of England, is the leader of a powerful party, and an experienced man of business, and, above all, he has attained the summit of his ambition, and is not a candidate for re-election. At liberty, therefore, to consult the interests of his country rather than his own, the PRESIDENT advocates peace, except in those quarters where material rewards may probably result from judicious aggression. The greater part of the American Continent south of the United States receives sufficient warnings of the probable advance of manifest destiny; and Cuba, although an island, is reminded that its proximity to the Mississippi evidently marks it out as a natural appendage of the Union.

The policy of the Federal Government is perfectly intelligible, and not perhaps deserving of all the blame which it receives in Europe; and it is but fair to add that the oddity of Presidential messages arises mainly from their inevitable publicity. A series of despatches from Indian viceroys, or a compilation from the archives of St. Petersburg, would probably display similar intimations of the policy which powerful Governments adopt in relation to weak and semi-civilized neighbours. American statesmen are not, perhaps, more energetic or more ambitious than others, but they are compelled at every step to take all their countrymen, and consequently the whole world, into their council. The anarchy of Mexico would excuse an immediate intervention for the suppression of an endless and purposeless civil war, but the military occupation of two of the Northern provinces will be cheaper and more profitable than the task of restoring order in the central portion of the Republic. Another portion of Mexican territory is to be seized as a security for the debt, and the process of annexation in the districts which are occupied may be easily foretold, nor is there any reason that it should be deprecated by remote communities. The presence of a Federal military force will give security to settlers from the States, and the immigrants will first declare their independence of Mexico, and then demand admission into the Union. American patriots look with reasonable alarm on the extension of their territory into ungenial climates, in the midst of alien and inferior races. To foreigners, the substitution of enterprise and order for Spanish-American anarchy will, in the first instance, be indifferent, and in course of time highly advantageous. It is not improbable that Mr. BUCHANAN is sincere in his professions of moderation in his transactions with Mexico; but a rich country in the hands of an enervated population attracts a race of vigorous adventurers as a vacuum admits a current of air.

With all the Central American Republics the United States have a standing quarrel, and it must not be assumed that the stronger disputant is necessarily always in the wrong. No right or pretension of Nicaragua or New Granada is to be compared for a moment in importance to the establishment and maintenance of free communications between the Atlantic and Pacific. A hundred thousand whites, surrounded by two millions of half-breeds, Indians, and negroes, must be content to waive some of their claims to independence in consideration of a transit which will incidentally secure to them the means of wealth and civilization. The only interest of European States is to secure to all commercial nations an equal right to the passage between the oceans; nor has England any sufficient reason for maintaining against America the self-denying stipulations of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty. Mr. BUCHANAN's recommendation to Congress, that the PRESIDENT should be authorized to protect the transit by an armed force, will probably lead to the virtual establishment of an American Protectorate in Nicaragua and New Granada; and the English Government would be well advised in adapting its policy to the probable course of events. With Asia, Africa, and Australia open to colonization and to occasional conquest,

England may reasonably relinquish to a kindred nation the pursuit of aggrandizement in South America. The task of maintaining the balance of power in Europe is burdensome enough, without the further enterprise of creating a non-existent equilibrium in the West.

Mr. BUCHANAN's repeated offers of purchasing Cuba are scarcely consistent with diplomatic courtesy; and the publication of the scheme would probably render it impracticable, even if it had been in any respect feasible. When the rich man proposes to give a handsome price for his neighbour's ewe lamb, the further progress of the transaction may be readily foreseen, and Spain is considerably reminded that no friendly relations between the Governments are possible as long as neighbourly cupidity is stimulated by the vicinity of a valuable possession belonging to a non-resident owner. It would be difficult to reconcile the PRESIDENT's overtures with international law or with any recognised code of ethics, but the innocent spectator may derive a melancholy pleasure from the perpetration of an injustice which is likely to redound considerably to his own advantage. Spain has fortunately no claim on the assistance of England, and Mr. BUCHANAN truly asserts that the proposed annexation would finally put an end to the African Slave-trade. It is perhaps with a view to the eventual support of philanthropists that the Message throws cold water on all projects for the effectual visitation of spurious slavers under the American flag. In proportion to the difficulty of interrupting the trade will be the satisfaction of discovering that it has finally disappeared in consequence of the want of an available market. The ultimate cause of the traffic which imposes so heavy a task upon the English navy is to be found in the necessities or desires of successive Captain-Generals of Cuba. An American conquest or purchase of the island would convert the Slave-trade into piracy, and the Virginian breeders would, in defence of their own monopoly of supply, take care that the law was rigidly enforced.

The portions of the Message which refer to domestic transactions possess little general interest; yet it is to be regretted that the necessities of the revenue are to be supplied by an augmentation of the tariff. As a Democrat, Mr. BUCHANAN is a nominal advocate of Free-trade, yet he proposes to obtain the necessary increase of duties with a collateral view to the protection of native manufactures. The constitutional arrangement which enables the Federal Government to draw on the States for a quota of their direct taxes is unfortunately obsolete in practice; and it is therefore the interest of protected trades to encourage an extravagant expenditure, which may necessitate an increase of customs duties upon imports. The Government of Washington, with the skeleton of an army and the fraction of a navy, though it is relieved by the separate States from all the ordinary cost of administration, contrives to expend about 15,000,000*l.*, or half the outlay of England. The national debt, although trifling in amount, has increased within the year no less than forty per cent.; and the PRESIDENT urges upon Congress the necessity of abstaining from farther loans for the ordinary conduct of affairs in time of peace.

The Kansas knot has neither been cut nor untied, but the difficulty has been set aside by the simple process of leaving it alone, after numerous failures. It may be remembered that the Free-soilers who formed the real majority had framed an irregular Topeka Constitution, while the Missouri invaders had, in the rival Lecompton document, combined a substantially spurious proceeding with a careful observance of technical forms. Mr. BUCHANAN's attempt to establish the Lecompton Constitution was defeated by the secession of Mr. DOUGLAS from the Democratic party, and the Topeka legislation was obviously invalid. Under these circumstances, Congress authorized the Territory to proceed to a new organization, on condition of surrendering certain extravagant grants of public lands belonging to the Union. The Free-soil representatives who were consequently elected have refused to give up the lands in dispute, and consequently they have for the present renounced the right to enter the Union as a Sovereign State. In the mean time, by the decision of the Supreme Court, slavery is legalized in all the Territories, and consequently the North and South are satisfied with a drawn battle, and the people of Kansas will be contented to wait for some new change in the balance of parties. The elasticity of a society happily exempt from centralization is the primary condition which assures the stability of the American Union. It is not surprising that Mr. BUCHANAN should congratulate his countrymen on their progress, and confidently anticipate the



unlimited extension and duration of their power. His message is not the utterance of a declining Government, and it is evidently addressed to a hopeful, vigorous, and expanding nation.

#### THE FINANCES OF INDIA.

WHEN the mutiny shall have been effectually put down, the difficulties of Indian government will be only beginning. So long as the country is in the hands of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, it is easy to stave off the consideration of the many problems which will have to be solved if we are to prosper in our new lease of empire. The very urgency of affairs during the past year, and even up to the present moment, has in some respects simplified the task of Government. To subdue the rebels and complete the pacification of the country has been a sufficient task to demand all the energies that could be brought to bear upon it, and amidst the din of war no one expects the Indian authorities to occupy themselves with the consideration of the ways and means of future years.

But this transition period is drawing, it may be hoped, rapidly to a close, and the great Indian question will very soon be, not how to subdue sepoys and recover military possession of plains, and jungles, and forts, but how to enable the Indian Exchequer to meet the demands which will be made upon it. The past history of the finances of India may be summed up in few words. During the brief intervals of peace, the revenue has of late years been a trifle more than enough to cover the ordinary expenditure. When war came, as it did almost every year, it had to be met by loans. It is admitted on all hands that, in the present condition of the country, the land assessment cannot be materially raised, and in one at least of the Presidencies it is already felt as an almost insupportable burden. The opium monopoly and the salt tax—which, together with the rent or tax on land (which ever it may be called), furnish almost the whole of the revenue—are so objectionable in character, that nothing but sheer necessity could prevent their abolition. It is plain, at any rate, that no important accession of funds can be derived from these sources. Heavy customs duties would be so many barriers between the natives and English civilization, and the utmost amount which could be realized from them would be quite insignificant. Direct taxation is pronounced by all who have any knowledge of native character to be wholly unsuited to the country, and so far as the experiment has been tried, it has proved to be an excellent scheme for creating disaffection without affording any substantial aid to the Exchequer. The people are neither rich enough nor sufficiently well-disposed to bear taxation in so unaccustomed and disagreeable a shape. The QUEEN'S Government of India will therefore begin with a revenue barely sufficient for the administration of the country on the old scale of expenditure, and incapable of any immediate augmentation. At the same time, the cost of occupying and governing the country must be largely increased. The English force in India is now four or five times as strong as it was before the mutiny, and no one imagines that any considerable reduction will be possible, at least for many years. An army of 100,000 men cannot be paid, maintained, and relieved from time to time, without a vast increase in the military expenditure of the State. It is true that the number of native soldiers in our pay may possibly be lessened when once the country has settled down, but no very material saving can be looked for under this head. At this moment, indeed, it is found necessary to employ a native force at least as numerous and costly as the old Bengal army; and even when the crisis shall be fairly over, there will be a vast amount of revenue and police duty, on which the sepoys were formerly employed, and which must still be performed by natives. It seems idle, therefore, to expect that the additional cost of so many English regiments can be balanced by any possible saving in the expense of native levies. There will, it is true, be some reduction in pensions, and some profit from confiscations, as the immediate fruits of the rebellion itself; but these will not go far towards indemnifying the Government for the loss and expense incurred during the progress and suppression of the mutiny.

The first difficulty, therefore, which will have to be faced will be the certainty of a chronic deficit for several years. If England is to retain her Indian Empire, this deficit must not be suffered to become perpetual. All nostrums for merely staving off the evil day will fail at last. Annual loans to defray current expenses must end in bankruptcy; and the sale of lands, which the planter interest so disin-

terestedly recommends, would only be another way of living upon capital instead of income. By some means the income and the expenditure must be brought into equilibrium, and there is but one way of doing this which has ever been suggested as possible. Happily that is a method which can scarcely fail. There is almost no limit to the increase of value which may be given to the soil by judicious improvements. The Government rent, though sometimes oppressive enough, is extremely low, compared with what is paid in other countries; and a much larger amount could be paid in India with ease if the productive power of the land were further developed by irrigation, and the marketable value of the crops increased by improved means of transit. The returns obtained from the irrigation works executed shortly before the mutiny were in some instances enough to repay the whole expense in a very few years; and even in their present unfinished state, the railways promise to yield more than sufficient to cover the Government guarantee, leaving the indirect benefit to the land as so much clear gain. But if Indian finance can only be restored to a sound condition by a large preliminary outlay on material improvements, loans on a considerable scale will be required, perhaps for many years. There is nothing alarming in this, provided the money be really sunk in reproductive works; and indeed the only thing which would justify despair about the financial prospects of India would be the spectacle of a Government too timid to act upon a policy of improvement by which alone India can be made rich enough to support the inevitable cost of English occupation. Loans, indeed, there must be in any case; and the only choice is between borrowing largely for profitable works, and thereby growing ultimately wealthy, or borrowing in dribblets to eke out an annual deficit, and ending in bankruptcy. As yet, the amount of the Indian debt has not been sufficient to make the rate of interest a matter of the most vital importance; but if large amounts are to be raised, it may become a very serious question whether Indian rates should be paid on securities which ought to be as good as Consols. The policy at present in favour is to depreciate Indian securities, to hamper them with all sorts of inconvenience to all but residents in India, and to keep them out of the London market by every possible device. It is studiously repeated that if the Calcutta treasury became bankrupt, the Indian debt would not be paid out of the Consolidated Fund; and many ingenious arguments have been used to show that Great Britain is neither legally nor morally bound to adopt the liabilities of the defunct Company. Even if this were true, it would not make much difference. Whether the obligation be legal or moral, or merely politic, the result would be much the same; and no one can seriously doubt that England would, if necessary, provide for the Indian dividends, simply because it would not pay to repudiate the liability and take rank with defaulting States. The large investments which the Bank of England has lately made in India bonds may be some indication that these securities are considered by the best authorities to be of a higher character than it is just now the fashion to ascribe to them.

The real motive for the disparagement of Indian securities is less unworthy than the idle expectation of escaping ultimate liability. It is feared that if Indian investments became popular in this country, the amount held by native capitalists would be diminished, and a valuable pledge of fidelity would be lost. This view has been consistently and energetically supported in the money articles of the *Times*; and it may be conceded that the advantages of binding the natives to our rule by the tie of pecuniary interest are too obvious to be denied. But the wisdom of pursuing this object by discouraging the investment of English capital in India is more than doubtful. The outlay which will be required to render India a paying property far exceeds any sum that can be raised from native resources, whether in the shape of loans or of subscriptions to guaranteed companies. England must provide the necessary means for such purposes, as she has already found the whole capital for the railways now in progress. But so long as the native stake in the Government securities is not diminished, no mischief will be done by creating additional liabilities in favour of English capitalists. It is true that if the national responsibility for the Indian debt were openly acknowledged, and facilities for transfer in England were afforded, the market value of the investment would rise, both here and in India, and Parsee capitalists would be forced to content themselves with a lower rate of interest than they can obtain at present. But all experience shows that an increase of price consequent on the

improved character of a security does not tend to diminish the demand for it, and it is not likely that the improved value of the obligations of the Indian Government would diminish the amount of native capital seeking such an investment. If there were any solid reason to believe that ample funds for the development of the resources of India could be obtained from the inhabitants of the country alone, the policy of excluding as much as possible all other creditors would be intelligible. But we take it to be clear that without English capital the Indian finances must sink into hopeless embarrassment; and if this be so, nothing can be more suicidal than to increase by wilful impediments the difficulty of procuring aid which cannot be dispensed with. By obstructing the flow of British capital into India, we should not create native resources to supply its place; and the only substantial result of such a policy would be to add materially to the burdens of the Indian exchequer and the weight of Indian taxation, without increasing to any appreciable extent the interest of the natives in the permanence of our rule.

#### MR. BRIGHT'S PRETENSIONS.

AN illustrated copy of Mr. BRIGHT's speeches is the last thing in the world we should think of offering as a Christmas present. Anything breathing a spirit less in harmony with the doctrine of "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men" it would be difficult to conceive. The mutual animosity of classes seems to be his end, and the instruments with which he works are misrepresentation, exaggeration, and untruth. What might have been the results produced by abilities so considerable as Mr. BRIGHT's, employed so unscrupulously for ends so malignant, if the circumstances of the time had been more favourable to the arts of the demagogue, it is not difficult to conjecture. Happily, the general contentment and growing intelligence of the people, together with the real supremacy of truth, justice, and good sense over public opinion, have so far seasoned the popular mind that the fire-balls of Mr. BRIGHT fall upon a material that is not readily combustible. His oratorical rockets ascend amidst the applause of a gaping audience; but when they have fizzed, and sparkled, and exploded, the stick comes down in unheeded obscurity. Mr. BRIGHT affects the career of O'CONNELL, but it is probable that he is predestined to a fate not altogether unlike that of SMITH O'BRIEN, and that the Birmingham agitation may find its close in some political cabbage garden. Mr. BRIGHT has expressed his regret that obstacles were opposed to the free importation into this country of French principles in the year 1793. He would do better to devote his attention to the causes which led to the ludicrous break-down in England of that French propagandism which was attempted in 1848. He might then discover the true secret of the mortifying coldness with which his inflammatory speeches and impracticable projects have been met by the good sense and the moderation of the English people. So capital a speaker is always sure of an audience. A strong, audacious, unscrupulous assertion, couched in telling phrases and delivered with impressive gestures, will never fail to catch a cheer from an ill-informed and unreflecting public assembly. But when the facts come to be sifted—when the rhetorical tinsel is stripped off—when the false reasoning is detected—a sentiment of disgust at the trick which has been attempted, and at the dishonesty which has been practised, gains the ascendant, and the momentary assent which has been fraudulently obtained is replaced by universal disrespect and merited distrust. Even the Irish Liberator found that, in the long run, his favourite prescription of "enormous lying" ceased to work.

"From this platform," said Mr. BRIGHT, at Manchester, I "speak to all my countrymen. If they think me honest, informed, capable upon this question, let them lend me their support." As representatives of one fraction of that public opinion to which Mr. BRIGHT has appealed, we have considered his claim with the deliberation due to the solemnity of the adjuration and the magnitude of the interests at stake. The more fully he has developed his policy, and the more time we have had to reflect on the principles which he has enunciated and the arguments by which he has sought to sustain them, the less are we able to concede to him the confidence or the aid which he demands. He asks us to support him "if he is honest." But we cannot regard without suspicion the honesty of the man who contradicts one day what he has said

the day before—who is wholly regardless how irreconcilable his statements may be so that they serve to accumulate against his adversaries an illogical prejudice. A man who is consistent with himself may be altogether mistaken, but he who deals recklessly in contradictory assertions can hardly be honest. But then we are to lend him our aid "if he is informed." Ay, "if" indeed. But is he "informed?" We gave our readers last week some materials for judging of the accuracy and value of Mr. BRIGHT's information with respect to the fundamental proposition of his projected Bill. The revelations of the actual working of American institutions which have been sufficiently commented on during the present week, supply another test of the knowledge and good sense of the man who employs such an argument as this:—"Are we less educated, are we less industrious, are we less moral, are we less subject to the law, are we less disposed to submit to the just requirements of Government, than the people of the United States? If we are so, and if America excels us in all these particulars, does it not look very likely that the institutions in England are not so good in the training and rearing of a nation as the institutions in the United States?" Indeed, there is no one fact which Mr. BRIGHT has adduced, and no one argument on which he has relied, which does not alike demonstrate that upon this question he does not care to be "honest," and has not even taken the pains to be "informed."

Mr. BRIGHT further claims to be "capable"—capable, we suppose he means, to forward the cause of which he has usurped the management. Let us see how he has established this last title by which he demands the confidence of the friends of Reform. Six weeks ago he broke ground in the then unoccupied field of public discussion. His position, his abilities, and his eloquence afforded him unequalled facilities for forestalling all his rivals in the conduct of the campaign. If he had had the sense to open his views in moderate language—if he had had the wisdom to frame a scheme upon principles which would have commanded the assent of any section of the Liberal party—if he had sought to reassure rather than to terrify the interests with which he assumed to deal—if he had relied on facts susceptible of proof, and on reasonings to which he could have ventured to adhere—we do not see what party or what politician could have shaken the champion of a cause based on just principles and advocated in a spirit of conciliation. Every day would have added to the strength of the army and to the credit of the chief. But instead of this, what do we see? Alarmed at his violence, shocked at his injustice, outraged by his insolence, amused by his blunders, public opinion has pronounced with unmistakable plainness on what the *Daily News* has very justly called "the chimeras of Mr. BRIGHT." The enemies of Reform rejoice that the hostile forces should have been confided to the care of such a general. The Carthaginians prepared with good heart for battle on the day when they knew that it was the turn of VARRO to command. The friends of Reform perceive with alarm that their hopes are imperilled by the folly and the violence of the man who puts himself forward as their representative. They see plainly enough that to allow themselves to be identified with Mr. BRIGHT is to court disaster. It is for this reason that we find the intelligent portion of the Liberal press, with a prudent earnestness, disclaiming the principles and disowning the spirit of the Birmingham agitator. No sensible man can doubt that the five speeches which Mr. BRIGHT has delivered in the last six weeks have done more mischief to the cause of Reform than all the arts of its insidious enemies and all the hostility of its avowed opponents could ever have effected. Under the guidance of this unskilful seaman, the vessel has been taken aback, her masts have gone by the board, and she is drifting a helpless log upon the waters. Such is the state of the good ship Reform, after six weeks' cruise under the auspices of Captain BRIGHT. And yet this is the man in whom we are asked to have confidence, because he is "capable."

We accept the tests which Mr. BRIGHT has offered of the qualities which are essential to a political leader who undertakes to reform the institutions of the country. It is because in each and all of these qualifications he has proved himself wanting, beyond all hope of amendment, that we reject the pretensions which he has so arrogantly advanced. We decline to follow him in the course to which he invites us, because he is not "honest"—because he is not "informed"—and because he is not "capable."



## ROBESPIERRE AND THE TERRORISTS.

IN courtesy to a foreigner whose opinions and publications have been severely criticised in our columns, we have relaxed in favour of M. LOUIS BLANC the rule by which correspondence is excluded from the *Saturday Review*. His vindication of ROBESPIERRE and of himself from the charge of committing or of defending the crimes of the Reign of Terror forms part of a letter which it would have been impossible to insert at length; but he will find that, in our observations on the question in dispute, we have been careful not to misrepresent his arguments. It is scarcely necessary to treat with equal respect protests against the "slander and persecution" which have, it seems, been the lot of revolutionary philanthropists from the time when the Christians, according to TACITUS and JUVENAL, were used as lamp-posts in the streets of Rome. Political confessors, in these degenerate days, ought really to reflect on the difference between death by torture and the annoyance of reading a hostile article in a public journal. Metaphorical martyrdom would never have given rise to the hagiology which secured the veneration of mankind to the saints of the primitive Church—

For either they were stoned, or crucified,  
Or burnt with fire, or boiled in oil, or sawn  
In twain beneath the ribs.

Nor would their enthusiastic devotion have been satisfied by the consciousness that they were accused of the burning of Rome, or that the morality of their ecclesiastical assemblies was libelled by the heathen. Modern martyrs complain of oppression as soon as their doctrines are questioned by any heretical opponent. As an exile from his country, M. LOUIS BLANC may naturally complain of persecution; but in England, where he is exempt from personal ill-treatment, he ought not to resent, as slander and abuse, the criticisms which all revolutionary doctrines ostentatiously challenge and provoke. It is impossible and undesirable that political controversy should be always conducted with judicial fulness of discrimination; nor is it unreasonable to condense a long course of reasoning into a generalizing phrase, as when the presumed issue of an elaborate system of socialistic order is, with full conviction, simply designated as anarchy. It would be as calumnious to assert that M. LOUIS BLANC is a conscious promoter of injustice and confusion, as to pretend that PROLEMY believed in the expediency of returning to chaos when he advocated an impossible theory of the solar system; yet the displacement of the true centre would equally involve a collapse of society, or of the material universe. Modern Socialists desire, in the words of their representative, "a more comprehensive association of human powers, a closer union of interests and minds, a freer development of every man's faculties" by means of education, a more equitable distribution of "the implements and fruits of labour;" but those who believe that human improvement would be rendered impossible by the distribution of the fruits of labour according to any arbitrary rule, utter no calumny when they express the opinion that such an experiment can only lead through anarchy into commonplace absolutism. Even if the conclusion were erroneous, it would still be an undeniable fact, that the dread which is inspired by Socialism at present leads Continental Europe to acquiesce in despotic government. A sixty-years' reaction from the Reign of Terror may serve as some excuse to those believers in liberty who consider that the greatest impediment to the triumph of their cause is to be found in the Red Republic.

The charge that M. LOUIS BLANC has made himself the apologist of "ROBESPIERRE and his vile accomplices" is perfectly consistent with his own indignant remonstrance. Complicity implies concert and joint action in a criminal undertaking, nor can the mutual animosity which often prevails among the partners in a common crime extenuate their individual share in the collective guilt. It is undoubtedly true that ROBESPIERRE feared DANTON, that he blamed the cynicism of MARAT, that he abhorred HÉBERT, CHAUMETTE, TALLIEN, and COLLOT D'HERBOIS; but it is not less true that he presided over the system of murderous injustice which was scarcely caricatured in the worst atrocities of the vilest murderer in the gang. No period of human history is disgraced by wickedness so atrocious as that which prevailed in France from August, 1792, to the revolution of Thermidor in the summer of 1794, and during the whole interval ROBESPIERRE took a principal part in the Government, while after the death of DANTON he was commonly, and with reason, regarded as Dictator. The leader of the Conven-

tion, the master of the sovereign Committee of *Salut Public*, cannot disclaim the responsibility of the murders which were perpetrated by the Committee of *Sûreté générale*, although he may have been hated and envied by individual members of the body. M. LOUIS BLANC's facility in excusing the perpetrators of revolutionary excesses is curiously exemplified in the latest volume of his history. FOUQUIER-TINVILLE—perhaps the most wholesale assassin since the creation of the world—is recorded to have relieved the distress of certain prisoners, to have once declined an unjust prosecution, and even to have said, in the hearing of a tapster's daughter, that he would rather be a ploughman than a public accuser. The revolutionary jurymen who made a respectable livelihood by condemning a dozen innocent men and women to death every morning, receive from the historian still more liberal certificates of character. PRIEUR, who amused himself in Court by drawing caricatures of his victims, asserted, after his own condemnation to death, that "he had judged according to his own opinion, and that he was responsible to no one." LEROY "had judged on his soul and conscience." "Sur la sensibilité de NAULIN, de SELLIER, de MAIRE, de HARNEY, les témoignages abondent." Indeed, MAIRE and HARNEY were sometimes known to shed tears when they concurred in the fatal verdict; and it is only difficult to understand why so sentimental a pair should select for the indulgence of their sympathies any particular murder in which they were engaged. Does M. LOUIS BLANC suppose that tyrannical kings and aristocrats have never experienced nor affected an amiable feeling? An alleviation of the sufferings of the QUEEN, a gleam of humanity towards the innocent DAUPHIN, would have relieved with a brighter gleam the sulphurous darkness of the system of Terror. No apologist would wantonly identify himself and his cause with the infamous brutalities of HÉBERT; and the defence of ROBESPIERRE by a Jacobin of the present day sufficiently explains the repugnance to his doctrines which throws timid politicians into the arms of despotism. M. LOUIS BLANC is so far a fanatical believer in the divine right of the Republic, that he considers the Government of 1793 to have been justified in punishing theoretical disobedience or opposition by death. The law which was established in France last spring against suspected enemies of the Empire is a milder application of the same principle of tyranny. On the whole, however, M. LOUIS BLANC's defence of ROBESPIERRE deserves more respect than the rhetorical eulogy on the same character which he justly attributes to M. DE LAMARTINE. The *History of the Girondins*, which is in a great measure devoted to the glorification of the chief of the Jacobins, expresses not so much the convictions of the author as the sentiments and sympathies which supplied the most picturesque colouring to his apocryphal narrative. A serious propagandist is not to be confused with a fine writer who finds it convenient to court popularity, or to amuse his readers by a perpetual exhibition of fireworks.

It is fair to admit that the Provisional Government of 1848, notwithstanding the invitations of anarchists and the suspicious language of LEDRU ROLLIN and his satellites, showed no disposition to revive the Jacobinical system of spoliation and massacre; but during the continuance of their power Paris seemed always on the eve of the civil war which broke out with unparalleled ferocity a few weeks after their resignation. M. LOUIS BLANC, in one of his writings, calls his own mob-demonstration against the flank-companies of the National Guard "one of the greatest days in history," and neither Paris nor France could acquiesce in a system which might at any moment be submerged by the tumultuous anarchy of the rabble. Regulated freedom implies the power of the Government to enforce equal laws, and even to compel obedience to questionable institutions until they are legally reformed. M. LOUIS BLANC is sincere and perfectly consistent in his advocacy of order; but the agitation of his projects generates imminent anarchy, and the complete realization of his scheme would involve the necessity of despotic power. The old English commonplace of "liberty and property" contains the truth which Socialism necessarily discards. Accumulation and enjoyment of wealth can only be restrained by the exercise of powers which are absolutely incompatible with the freedom of the community. The convenience and expediency of a political Republic depend on time, on place, and on national character.

M. LOUIS BLANC adopts the popular antithesis between the love of compromise which prevails in England and the "logical directness" of the French. Perhaps logical hurry, with habitual carelessness in the examination of the pre-

misses, would be a more accurate description. If all the conditions of good government can be comprehended at a glance and summed up in a sentence, it is comparatively easy to deduce the consequences, in the form either of an Empire or a Republic, and the smallest shade of difference in the first assumption will perfectly account for the most opposite conclusions. Englishmen are not necessarily illogical because they test political deductions by practical results, well knowing that the *Habeas Corpus* is worth all the Rights of Man.

It is an irksome and ungracious task to dilate on the unsoundness of a defeated cause. The doctrines once proclaimed at the Luxembourg are less real, and therefore less obnoxious, than the bayonets which support the temporary omnipotence of the Tuileries. In these columns at least, the degrading oppression of the Empire has been denounced more frequently and more heartily than the Utopian dreams of Socialism. The discussion of ROBESPIERRE'S share in the atrocities of the Revolution will, as an historical question, most properly form the subject of literary criticism; but M. LOUIS BLANC has voluntarily brought his own opinions and acts within the range of the political controversy of the day. Sir FRANCIS HEAD—who supposes that in the Provisional Government General CAVAIGNAC was President of the Republic—deserved a rebuff for his gratuitous justification of French despotism as the necessary alternative of Jacobinical violence. M. LOUIS BLANC, while he exposed the shallowness of the English pamphleteer, naturally accepted the dilemma between NAPOLEON and ROBESPIERRE. It is with no ungenerous feeling against an exiled enthusiast, and from no arbitrary prejudice against Republican forms of government, that the advocates of constitutional freedom protest against the domination whether of irresponsible multitudes or of self-willed despots. Since, after thirty years of freedom, the Republican journalists of Paris virtually condemned France to an absolutism more complete than that of the old BOURBON Monarchy, it well becomes England to take care that the constitution of six hundred years is not destroyed by any logical process which might result in the establishment of universal suffrage.

#### JUDGES AND JURIES.

THE palladium of British liberty has been exhibiting itself lately in a very irreverent manner in the face of her MAJESTY'S judges. Lord CAMPBELL and Mr. Justice CRESSWELL have each had a smart engagement with refractory jurymen. In the Divorce Court, victory declared itself at last in favour of the Bench; but the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, after inflicting severe injury on the enemy, was compelled to retire, and acknowledge that the battle was drawn. The passages of arms that enlivened these contests were of a decidedly amusing character; but persons who hold established institutions in respect may think that such exhibitions do not conduce much to the ends of justice or the dignity of the Bench. KEATS v. KEATS and MONTEZUMA was a suit by a husband for dissolution of marriage on the ground of adultery by the wife. The facts were not disputed; but it was urged as an answer to the petition that the husband had condoned the offence at an interview which was brought about during the progress of the suit, when Mr. KEATS expressed his hopes of a better understanding in future, and told his wife that they must not revert to the past. Sir CRESSWELL CRESSWELL gave the jury a very learned definition of condonation, and sent them to their room to deliberate on the question whether what had passed in conversation amounted to a complete blotting out of the offence, and disclosed an intention not merely to forgive the past but to restore the guilty wife to the position which she formerly occupied. Presently the jury returned with the modest announcement that eleven of them agreed with his Lordship, but the remaining one was not disposed to accept the definition of condonation which had been delivered from the bench. After a little altercation, Sir CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, with contemptuous irony, which would have been very happy if it had not been very unseemly, suggested that the jury should find a special verdict, and that the full Court and the House of Lords would then be able to give as satisfactory a judgment on the law as the gentleman on the jury who declined to bow to the direction of the Court. Ultimately, however, the jurymen gave in, and surrendered his legal prepossessions to the authority of the judge and the obligation of his oath.

Lord CAMPBELL'S jury was more intractable. It had a difficult question to try. A commercial traveller, named

SMITH, had been severely injured in an accident which occurred on the Great Northern Railway in August last. He had been laid up for a month at a village inn, with concussion of the brain, and the doctors gave evidence that both body and mind had been impaired by the shock. Then there was the cost of medical attendance, so that the lowest estimate of the amount of damage must have come to a considerable sum. But the real contest was whether the Company's servants were in fault at all. The immediate cause of the accident was a violent and sudden flood, and it was not very clear that any precautions which could reasonably have been expected would have prevented the catastrophe. This was just one of those knotty questions which are submitted to juries because the wisest man in the world could not come to any satisfactory decision. The jury solved it in an ingenious manner. They seem to have been hopelessly at issue among themselves whether to attribute the affair to negligence or accident; and so they compromised the matter by finding in effect that the Company was guilty of negligence, and that Mr. SMITH'S injuries would be fairly compensated by the sum of one farthing. A verdict for the plaintiff, with that amount of damages was accordingly tendered. One section of the jury, in fact, agreed to concur in what they considered a wrong verdict on the question of negligence, on condition that the remaining jurymen should join in what the whole twelve knew to be a wrong verdict on the question of damages. Such a finding was not only against justice and common sense, but it was, practically, no finding at all, for a new trial would have been granted as a matter of course. So the jury were duly locked up for the night, without food or fire, with the exception of one invalid, whose doctor being called in found it necessary to exhibit a dose of port wine and sandwiches. After a twenty-four hours' fast, and a lecture from Lord CAMPBELL, in which he hinted a doubt whether he ought not to carry them to the next county in a cart, and finally shoot them into a ditch, according to the approved custom of early times, the jury were sent home without finding any verdict at all.

It seems that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is determined, if possible, to do something to prevent such scandals as are constantly arising out of jury-trials; and he intimated his intention to introduce a Bill enabling a verdict to be given in civil causes either by a simple majority or by some specified proportion of the twelve jurors. It is not proposed to alter the rule requiring unanimity in criminal trials; and perhaps this is right. What it is desired to ascertain in such trials is whether the guilt of the prisoner is established by evidence which would leave no substantial doubt on the mind of a reasonable man. No better way of testing this could be devised than to select a tolerably large number of reasonable men as a sample of the whole community, and say that unless every one of them was satisfied, the requisite degree of proof was not attained. The only difficulty in putting this method in practice is that a dozen men picked out by chance or the sheriff are by no means certain to be reasonable beings. But this is one of the defects which are inherent in all practical institutions; and perhaps it would be difficult to improve upon the machinery by which the fate of criminals is decided.

But there is no analogy between an Old Bailey trial and a Nisi Prius action. Is Mr. SMITH to have his head broken for nothing because there is on one man's mind the shadow of a doubt whether the accident was not unavoidable? The fair way of deciding such a contest is obviously to consider whether the preponderance of testimony is in favour of one or the other view. If, on the whole, the more probable opinion is that the occurrence was a mere accident, it might be right that Mr. SMITH should suffer without redress, but if there were any reasonably good grounds for imputing negligence to the railway company, compensation ought to have been given. It is absurd to ask for certainty in such cases. It may be a sound maxim that it is better that ten guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer, though even this venerable dictum has been questioned. But it is certainly not better to wrong ten plaintiffs than one defendant; and without extending the doctrine as far as this it is impossible to defend a system which requires one party to a lawsuit to convince twelve men, and is satisfied if the other party manages to win the suffrage of a single one. Even if juries are to be regarded as mere machines for dealing out justice as accurately as may be, there is no room for doubt that, on a civil trial, the voice of a majority ought to prevail. But this is not the only aspect of the institution, and, if it were, it might be difficult to escape the conclusion that the



object would be better attained by dispensing with juries altogether. As a means of ascertaining the truth, it is by no means certain that trial by jury is the most effective that could be devised. It excludes corruption and intimidation, but then these are not in modern times the influences most to be feared. The jury system, on the other hand, opens the door to popular prejudice, which is often a bar to the administration of justice. Then you have twelve untrained men, in place of one or more of the most acute intellects of the country, and after every allowance for the professional warp which a judge's mind may sometimes take, it requires a great amount of faith in everybody at large to trust the first twelve men who may be called into the box in preference to the hard-headed lawyer on the bench. Notwithstanding all this, we take it to be quite clear that juries are indispensable, and chiefly for the sake of deciding questions which admit of no accurate determination. For example, who but a jurymen could say how much would compensate a man for having his leg broken, what is the pecuniary value to a widow of the loss of her husband, or what sum would exactly represent the anguish of mind of an injured husband or father. But questions of this kind must be answered, and the only way of doing so without bringing scandal on the administration of justice is to leave the decision to a tribunal for whose eccentricities the law is not responsible. If judges had such duties cast upon them, they would in the course of a few years be hopelessly entangled in a web of subtleties by which they would vainly endeavour to work out rules and lay down precedents for measuring moral or physical suffering by the coin of the realm.

To solve these insoluble problems is the primary purpose for which juries are required; and as they would assess damages quite as well if the verdict of a majority were taken, we see no reason for delaying a change which would certainly make the twelve men in a box less inefficient for the rest of their duties. In the case which has suggested these remarks, if a majority had been allowed to pronounce that the injuries of the plaintiff were caused by the negligence of the Company's servants, the damages would certainly have been assessed with at least some attempt at fairness; and though it may be vain to expect invariable wisdom from the jury-box, Lord CAMPBELL's proposed reform would considerably diminish the frequency of the monstrous compromises by which juries so often juggle with their consciences for the sake of escaping starvation and cold.

#### THE TEMPERANCE PRESS.

THE history of the Temperance movement leads one to suspect that, as matrimony, according to Mrs. Malaprop, is all the better for a little preliminary aversion, so a cause, to be really prosperous, may require a certain amount of external persecution and internal nonsense. For upwards of thirty years the Temperance advocates have had every sort of fair play. They have met with very considerable encouragement and sympathy, and the greatest hardships they have had to endure in the way of oppression have been occasional mild jokes about pumps, or imputations of drowsy from the comic vocalist of some Haunt of Harmony. Then, they have an overwhelming amount of common sense on their side. Every one admits that there is much to be said against intemperance, and nothing whatever in its favour. We have abundant evidence that it tends to shake the constitution, interfere with the business of life, and give trouble in the police courts, and none are more ready to depose to these facts than those who give way to it most frequently. How comes it, then, that with all these advantages, Teetotalism is not the most powerful and popular movement of ancient or modern times? Teetotalers will call this begging the question. They are of opinion that their influence is enormous, and point triumphantly to their statistics of gaol returns and excise returns, in which, with a regularity leading one to suspect the interference of a natural law, every decrease of crime and British spirits is an actuality, while every increase is "apparent" only. If we differ with them, it is not out of hostility. We have a thorough belief in their honesty and in the goodness of their intentions, and sincerely wish them a success as great, or greater than, that which they lay claim to. But somehow these figures—these unimpeachable calculations and simple rules of arithmetic—do not seem to carry conviction with them. No doubt we are much more temperate than we used to be; but how far is that owing to the spread of Temperance principles? It is precisely the classes least influenced by these opinions that have begun and gone farthest towards the abolition of drunkenness, and the improvement elsewhere is not so extraordinary but that it may have been the effect of example and self-interest. As long as my lord was a steady four-bottle man, requiring a special attendant to get him to bed at three every morning, he could not in decency feel aggrieved if his greengrocer was habitually fuddled overnight, or the milkman subject to fits of alco-

holic apoplexy on the door-step. But let his lordship's daily allowance be reduced to a modest pint, and in all probability it will be found that his compassion for such failings has diminished in the like ratio. It is in the regions remote from this sort of influence that the abuse of intoxicating liquors still flourishes with anything like its pristine vigour. Those into whose worldly calculations considerations of character need not enter, who are not forced to take thought for appearances in order to keep their customers or their employers—the third-rate mechanic—he who comes under that indefinite but suggestive designation, "the small tradesman"—the working-man—not, of course, the Sociologist's fancy working man, belectured by lords and petted by M.P.'s, anxious to improve himself on Newton's *Principia*, and to that end a member of an Institute where he is a constant reader of the "Penny Brutus," but the working man of commerce, as he would be called in the language of the Pharmacopœia—these are the people who now-a-days chiefly exercise that privilege of getting drunk which our grandfathers liberally extended to all classes. The field for the operations of the Temperance reformers is in reality, therefore, much narrower than at first sight appears. Instead of having a whole nation of toppers to subdue, as they persuade themselves, and wish to persuade us, they have little more than a tribe to contend with, while the great bulk of the population is, if not friendly, at least neutral. Nevertheless, in recounting their achievements they invariably speak as if the whole world was against them. No one likes to be crowed over as beaten when he is not conscious of having been fighting, and perhaps it is this feeling that makes us sceptical with regard to Teetotal triumphs. Leagues and Alliances, Bands of Hope, and orations of J. B. Gough undoubtedly argue a certain amount of bustle and activity in the Temperance camp; but the enemy does not seem to mind them much, and holds out tolerably stoutly in spite of a breach which, to our limited vision, looks more like the effect of time than of the total-abstinence battery.

We have already suggested one way of accounting for the partial nature of the success which has hitherto attended this movement. There is, unfortunately, abundant evidence to show that the intrinsic goodness and rationality of a cause do not weigh much with the multitude; and, considering the character of the people with whom the advocates of Temperance have chiefly to do, it seems not improbable that an abstaining Joanna Southcote, or a Joe Smith preaching a New Jerusalem on Rechabite principles, would be listened to by many a man who turns a deaf ear to Dr. Lees and Mr. Gough, argue they never so wisely. But a slight examination of the Temperance literature leads us to suspect a more likely source of weakness. Many of our readers, no doubt, are unaware of the fact that there is a distinct literature devoted to the suppression of drunkenness; for the Teetotal press is not obtrusive. Its publications are never to be met with on the counter of the fashionable bookseller, and but very seldom in the office of the news-agent or in the window of the literature and lollipop dealer of the back street. Now and then, to be sure, a self-confident little brochure—generally either a smart tale or a lively essay upon the Licensed Victuallers—will try to give itself the air of a book of the world, and perhaps elbow itself in among the literary advertisements in the *Times*, looking about as much at its ease there as a British Christian in the Crush-room at the Opera. But, in general, these productions seem to shun rather than seek the patronage of a public which is still tolerant of alcohol, and address themselves solely to those who are willing to view that abomination in its proper light.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the Temperance literature is therefore insignificant as regards bulk or circulation. In the periodical department it is represented by two quarterly reviews, and four weekly, and about ten monthly papers, two or three of which cost a halfpenny, the rest a penny. Of its richness in non-periodical works it would be impossible to convey an idea without giving a catalogue. Suffice it to say, that it contains instances of every species of composition, from the sermon to the comic song. We can even detect a rudimentary drama in the existence of certain Moralities, called "recitations," intended for representation at Band-of-Hope tea-meetings, and other festivities; and when we recollect that the infancy of our own stage was marked by productions somewhat similar, we can see no reason why there should not be in time a "Wine-and-Spirit Merchant of Venice," or a Hamlet whose eccentricities are due to delirium tremens. In fact, we find that there is provision made for the teetotal mind in all its phases; and if, from a general survey, we proceed to a more minute examination, fresh evidences of a complete organization become manifest. With feelings somewhat akin to those of our countrymen who the other day stumbled upon a well-developed empire in Japan—or, to take a more congenial simile, with something like the sensation produced by seeing a drop of water magnified at the Polytechnic—we perceive, when admitted within the precincts of Temperance literature, that there is yet a world of which we had no conception. It is a world of mild separatists, who are in this outer alcoholic world, but are not of it—having ideas, institutions, politics, and boot and shoemakers peculiar to themselves. Born within this world, you need never travel out of it. It contains, as would appear by advertisements in the columns of its journals, all that you require on your journey from the cradle to the grave. At your entrance you will find "Mrs. Montier, monthly nurse," ready to receive you; and, as she professes to be "fourteen

years a teetotaller," you incur no risk of gin surreptitiously administered to still the outcries of your abstaining infancy. In after years you can be "prepared for any mercantile or professional position," or secure instruction in "music, drawing, and the rudiments of faith" at academies "conducted on Temperance principles," which it is to be hoped are less rigidly enforced than they were at Dotheboy's Hall. Still later, at that period when, as the poet observes—

Attention to dress,  
And well-fitting garments, refinement express—

you can patronize Mr. Fusedale, "fashionable and economic tailor," who "calls the attention of his Temperance and Alliance friends to his unrivalled 14s. and 16s. trousers." And Mr. "Scard, bootmaker to the League, Alliance, Maine Law, and Temperance Reformers in general, who solicits the patronage of his teetotal brethren," will supply his brother with a boot made on such extra teetotal principles that it will not let in even water. When about to marry, you may buy a set of "Temperance and Alliance china and earthenware, with beautiful Parian busts of Dr. Lees and Neil Dow." You can also buy—whether you can drink it or not is another matter—"Temperance champagne, unfermented and entirely free from spirit." You can be temperately insured in an office where you will be "kept in a distinct section." For your entertainment there are numbers of festivals, lectures, meetings, and even tea-parties, at which "the wives of one hundred reformed drunkards" will present an address to somebody; and some of the reformed drunkards themselves will be on view. If you start on a tour you will find a Temperance hotel ready for you in almost every town; and if you should become a lunatic (which is the teetotal for taking to drink) there is a "private establishment for the cure of intemperate habits." If that fails, you can seek a temperate grave under the care of Mr. Townley, funeral-furnisher, a gentleman who describes himself—as if he were to be found by an equation—"established thirty-five years, twenty-four years undertaker to the police, and twenty years a teetotaler." The answer is obviously X of the above-named force.

Such is the charming view which the advertising columns of the Temperance press give us—a little islet of primitive purity combined with civilized comfort, amid the guzzling, swilling ocean of unreformed humanity. If, however, we investigate the constitution of this compact paradise a little more closely, we observe that its inhabitants are not a whit more free from the operation of party spirit than other mortals; but so far from deploring this fact, we should rather rejoice in it as a link which binds them to the rest of their species. It is the one touch of nature which makes them our kin in spite of teetotal differences. As our outer world has its Whigs and Tories, High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, Guelphs and Ghibellines, so Teetotalia has its two great factions—the Moral Suasionists and the Legal Suppressionists—the former being banded together under the style and title of the National Temperance League, the latter as the United Kingdom Alliance. The difference between the creeds of these two parties was brought out by a recent case in the Queen's Bench, which may be remembered by the readers of the law reports. The Alliance believes that the work of national reformation is to be effected by an enactment similar in operation to the Maine Law, while the League pins its faith on the efficacy of persuasion and precept. Each, it appears, makes use of certain specially retained apostles, among whom Mr. J. B. Gough is remarkable as an expounder of the principles of the M. S. party, and Dr. Lees as an unshrinking advocate of the sterner L. S. doctrines. Mr. Gough in the course of his ministry ventured a statement that the Maine Law was a "dead letter," to which Dr. Lees pleaded what may be termed the general issue in the uncivil courts—"you're another"—accusing Mr. Gough of having been "helplessly and narcotically intoxicated." There was nothing, however, to support the charge, beyond the bare fact of Mr. Gough having been once sick, and, as was pithily remarked by one of the gallant nobles of the League, if that was a proof, the whale that swallowed Jonah was narcotically intoxicated when it threw up the prophet. So far, therefore, the victory rests with the League, and though we congratulate that body, we must say we feel a deep sympathy for Dr. Lees. For many years he has served the cause with tongue and pen. He never broke his pledge and relapsed into intemperance. And yet a fluent gentleman, who in his autobiography confesses to have so transgressed, comes over from America and forthwith, if the fatted calf is not actually killed for him, receives for his orations the equivalent of a provoking quantity of veal. Confessing, as we do, that this is hard upon Dr. Lees, we admit that it is also highly characteristic of the movement in which he is a leader. Not only is there more joy over one drunkard who reforms than over ninety-nine persons who have no occasion to take the pledge, but those ninety-nine are regarded with the utmost acrimony, as so many contradictions to the teetotal axiom that there is no safety in moderation.

Squabble between themselves as they may, the League and the Alliance, we must do them the justice to say, stand shoulder to shoulder on this point, and are agreed in their hatred of those who have sufficiently good taste and strong will to drink without making beasts of themselves. This is a feature common to the literature of the two factions, however great may be their difference in other respects. As might be expected, the

Alliance literature is of the severe order, consisting for the most part of dissertations upon such questions as "Does alcohol make the body warmer?" "Were the wines used at the marriage at Cana alcoholic?" and of replies to various opponents, real or imaginary. That of the League, on the other hand, though not wanting in seasonable gravity, is on the whole sprightly, and by its means we get a view of the poetic and imaginative side of the teetotal mind. Hypercriticism may charge the water-poets with want of originality, but candour will admit the ingenuity displayed by them in adapting our sensual poetry to the requirements of their audience. For instance, where we "Wait for the waggon," they "Throw down the bottle;" and instead of sounding the timbrel in the manner suggested by Lord Byron, their proposition is to "Blow the trumpet o'er island and sea; teetotallers triumph, their banners float free." A vigorous offshoot from the stem of the "Ivy green" appears in the "Temperance tree;" and in "Let drinking customs be forgot, and never brought to mind," we have "Auld Lang Syne" purged of its unwholesome conviviality. The prose, however, is thoroughly original. The form it generally takes is that of a tale showing the theory of life held by the three Jolly Postboys, of songful memory, to be wholly false, and that in fact there is no such distinction as that pointed out by those professors of social science between the man who drinks and goes to bed sober, and him who retires to rest in a mellow condition—both being involved in a common perdition. The moral of course is, that self-control is a delusion, and that the total abstainer alone "lives as he ought to do." There is, of course, considerable variety in the mode of treatment. A story with the telling title of *The Painted Corpse; or, The Rum-seller's Doom*, concludes thus:—"His struggles grow weaker—the death-rattle is in his throat. His face is contorted in misery; his limbs are bent rigidly, as if in a spasm; a murmur shakes the insensate body, and Appleby is no more. Death and hell have claimed their victim!" This is an instance of the impressive and awakening style. A milder species of composition is employed in narrating the reformation of a drunkard, and to show the effect of the operation, portraits of the subject are sometimes added—like the specimens of handwriting before and after six lessons in Professor Downstroke's system. Occasionally, it is only fair to say, we meet with a really readable and well-written tale. *The Struggles of a Village Lad* is one of this sort. The hero starts with abstinence principles, and founds a Band of Hope, and from "bird-tenting" works himself into a grammar-school, into Cambridge, and finally into the rectory of his native village. It is true such cases are of rare occurrence, but at any rate the story is told naturally and pleasantly, and is free from the intolerance so common in the class of works to which it belongs.

To the success of Mr. Henry Mayhew's *London Labour* we are inclined to attribute the rise of another branch of Temperance literature, which professes to expose and describe the various phases of vice and misery observable in the great cities of the Kingdom. The writers may be as well-intentioned as the gentleman above named, but they have none of his power of observation, and reveal nothing but facts which are patent to everybody. What is the use of describing the interior of a gin-palace or a casino, as if such things were only recent discoveries? The thing has been already done, *usque ad nauseam*, and we cannot conceive what is gained by going over the ground again, unless with the view of suggesting some remedy, which it never enters the heads of these reformers to do. In Mr. J. Ewing Ritchie's *Night-Side of London*—the most pretentious work of this sort—we have failed to discover anything but abortive efforts at fine writing, and dreary platitudes about the existence of things of which nobody now-a-days needs to be told. This might be pardoned, for we do not expect much from such a quarter; but there is a wrongheadedness about Mr. Ritchie's reflections which deserves remark. When he falls foul of the casinos, and what he calls the "café chausante," and our "Jardin Mobile"—Cremorne—what is it that he wants? Does he wish to return to the state of things belonging to a period which he alludes to as "Consule Plancio, as Mr. Thackeray would write," when Paterfamilias could not take his daughters to see one of Colman's plays without confronting them with the raddled Phrynes who used to throng the boxes and lobbies for want of some other place of exhibition? Would he propose a repetition of that experiment which succeeded so well recently, when the closing of one haunt of gaiety resulted in the opening of four others in the neighbourhood? Is it not better to have a Cave of Harmony, under the decorous rule of a pure-minded Mr. Green than a secret Back Kitchen, where the rising generation may fuddle itself to improper music? If Mr. Ritchie were the philosopher he pretends to be, he would see that such establishments, openly conducted and frequented, as he laments they are, encourage vice much less than the corresponding institutions of former times, or than those which would be sure to spring up on their abolition. Those who mean to go astray will contrive to do so in any case, and at the places mentioned they are at least obliged to conform to decency, which, if not all that is desirable, is at any rate something gained. Of course, according to Mr. Ritchie, drink is the attraction. Drink, with the Temperance reformers in general, occupies a position analogous to that of the lodging-house act. It is known to be capable of mischief, and cannot defend itself—therefore, it may safely be charged with being the root of every evil from profligacy to poverty. In most cases, however, it seems much more like an effect than a cause.



For one man who is a pauper or a ne'er-do-weel because he tipples, there are nine who tittle because their money or their morals are in a shaky condition. The teetotal reasoning, if followed up, would remove this excess from the category of excesses in general, by shifting the responsibility from the transgressor to those who permit him to transgress—from the drunkard to society which will not interfere to keep him sober. Our readers may remember the case of a young lady who not long ago fell over some rocks at Clifton, and was killed. On the inquest it appeared that she had been in the habit of wilfully running into danger, and that on one occasion, when warned, she deliberately placed herself in a position still more dangerous than her former one. A juror suggested that a fence should be put up where the accident occurred; to which it was very properly observed, that there was no danger except to such persons, and that no amount of fences would ever prevent them from risking their lives. The teetotal party is much of the same mind with that humane juror. It calls upon society to interpose a fence between the drunkard and the abyss of intoxication. In the first place, the attempt would be useless. He would slip through the railing, or climb the wall, or go round rather than be balked; but even if it were not so, why should we be called upon to compel him to take care of himself? It may seem unfeeling, when the protection of a fellow-creature is in question, to object to the disfigurement of a landscape, or the giving up of a luxury—(though, after all, are wine, beer, and spirits, merely luxuries, and who are the teetotallers, that they should draw the line?) But that is not the point. The question is, whether the many are bound to practise self-denial because the few have not the moral courage to avoid excess. The Temperance reformers are on the affirmative side, and would enforce the obligation—the Alliance by law—the League, by maintaining that nothing short of total abstinence is Temperance. Here is the chief source of their weakness. Setting up such a standard, and acting as they do on the principle that all who are not for them are against them, they shut themselves out from the co-operation of the bulk of the upper and middle classes, who are just as great admirers of true Temperance as any teetotaler in the world.

#### SENTIMENTALISM.

THERE is plenty of poetry in the shop windows at Christmas time, and indeed throughout the year, to make it a plausible theory that the English are a very poetical people. There are hundreds of prints and coloured illustrations purporting to convey, under different forms and through different symbols, how all hearts are bound together at Christmas, how lavish is the periodical hospitality, how sweet are the thoughts which the holly and mistletoe awaken. A month later, and the windows are full of Cupids, and hearts, and true-lovers' knots, and a thousand poets use as many modes to assure true Valentines that they will love them "then as now." All this very properly excites the contempt of a cynical and philosophical observer. It is mere vulgar sentimentalism. The Christmas of the illustrated papers exists only in the fancy of the ingenious designers who know exactly how the Queen looks at a Highland shearing, and can depict, from personal experience, the effect of a ship sinking in the middle of the Atlantic with every soul on board, the artist included. In traditional Christmas stories and poems there is always a crisp frost, and snow hanging from trees in picturesque wreaths. An ox is roasted whole, and a plum-pudding, the size of a high-priced globe, is brought in, radiant with the flames of a gallon of brandy. In real life, Christmas-day is, nine years out of ten, a moist, mild day, when everything looks particularly green, sodden, and sticky. People limit their beef by their reasonable appetites, and find that no illusion will persuade the digestion to work off more plum-pudding on Christmas-day than on other days. What, again, can be more foolish than Valentines? The feelings of the English in the nineteenth century of the Christian dispensation must be marvellously conventional if the sexes can find no better way to convey the notion of reciprocal affection than by exchanging representations of a fat little Pagan deity, discharging a gilt arrow from a blue bow into a bleeding heart. The whole thing is, cynically speaking, a mere sham, without poetry, or a grain of anything poetical belonging to it.

But this vulgar sentimentalism may at least plead that, if it is vulgar in one sense, it is also vulgar in another. If it is despised and avoided by all persons of taste and education, it is welcomed and made abundant use of by some millions of people. To them it seems poetical. The illusion is almost as good as a reality. The actual Christmas dinner seems much more savoury, rich, and varied when it is flavoured with the thought that it is part of a great process by which Old Winter, with his icicles and snow-wreaths, is invited to take his place in the year, and, above all, that there is something peculiarly merry, jovial, and smacking of ancestral England in the affair. It is a great gain to a Cockney, who goes by a suburban pond on a Christmas afternoon, that he should have a confused idea that on a pond like that Mr. Pickwick is somewhere sliding, and Sam Weller urging him to "keep the pot biling." Nor is a stratum of real romance wanting in the Valentine designs and literature. The lover who sends a Cupid means to hint that love throws a little poetry over his life. He knows that a fat baby with wings is a symbol of the tender passion, as he knows, perhaps, that G. N. R. means the

Great Northern Railway; and he directs his attachment in the accredited way, just as he would direct a parcel. He feels more excited, elevated, and open to soft emotions if he despatches the queer symbol, than if he went about the business in a manner precisely suited to his own absence of real poetical feeling, and merely let the lady know that "Barkis was willing!" For sentimentalism generally, it may be said that it is the genuine expression of feeling; only the feeling is shallow. But the feelings of most men are shallow, and the choice is not between sentimentalism and poetry, but between sentimentalism and the brutality of sheer prose. Christmas-day without sentimentalism would be, to the mass of people, a winter holiday broken by a meal. If lovers were to be debarred from talking of hearts, and roses, and bowers of bliss, they would either refrain from putting their thoughts on paper at all—which we believe the fairer party to the arrangement would generally regard as a great loss—or they would have to treat their love as a matter of business, to be discussed and chronicled in a businesslike way. Sentimentalism and its expressions are in social life what mediocre poetry is in literature. Those who have got the first flutterings of real feeling give in this way a consistency to their thoughts which is of considerable value to themselves, and of some value to others. Mediocre poetry is often a good training to the writer, and is a help to those who are not sufficiently trained or developed to go beyond it. This accounts for, and in a measure justifies, the large sale of books which a severe taste thinks a burthen to the earth. Sentimentalism of the most maudlin kind, for instance, is united to poetry most uniformly mediocre in the works of Mr. Tupper; and yet these works always seem to begin with the tenth thousand, and go straight on to the twentieth. Is this wide circulation simply deplorable? We do not think so. Mr. Tupper's works may be described as skim-milk for babes. The readers who purchase all these thousand copies are not fit for anything high, and it is something that they should get so far in the direction of healthy nourishment. Even skim-milk is more wholesome than solutions of adulterated gin.

If we accept sentimentalism as the genuine expression of shallow feeling, we gain a means of estimating its value when it is exhibited in its highest as in its lowest forms. In the productions of modern authors, there is perhaps no better piece of sentimental writing than the description of the last days of little Paul, in *Dombey and Son*. We feel at once that it does not rise above sentimentalism—the feeling that runs through it is shallow. The comparison of any really poetical description at all parallel to it—as, for example, that of Mignon, in *Wilhelm Meister*—shows that we are kept throughout at a low level; and an examination of the passage in Mr. Dickens's work shows why we do not rise higher. Little Paul is represented as always haunted with the voices of the waves, and troubled by the presence of a flowing river which bears him on its current. These thoughts are, we believe, true to nature, and are such as would perplex the brain of an imaginative sickly child. They are, moreover, such as to afford available material to a real poet. But under Mr. Dickens's management they are brought completely within the range of sentimentalism, because they are repeated, dwelt on, and turned in every way, until we get the notion of a trick or cunning device in their being thus prominently worked, as we imagine, for producing an emotion of protracted pity. This harping on one or two thoughts, so as to awaken the attention to the trick by which it is done, belongs essentially to a sentimentalist. The feeling which is so explicit and so lengthy is sure to be shallow; but still it is feeling. The death of little Dombey has in it something really touching, and even poetical. The effect produced by the record of the fading away of the gentle child is one that leaves an impression on the memory. The passage might draw tears from eyes that are not accustomed to cry for nothing. It is sentimental, but its sentimentalism is of a decidedly high character.

So, too, in the greatest of all sentimental books, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, there is genuine feeling; and this feeling displays itself most unmistakably in parts of the story where the bad side of sentimentalism is also brought out on a scale which has given the work so indifferent a reputation. The peculiarity of Sterne's book is that it exhibits a constant hovering on the edge of vice without actually approaching it, while this proximity to vice is always attained from the side of virtue. The Sentimental Traveller is the most gentle, benevolent, sweet-tempered of creatures. His affability and comprehensive charity lead him to take an interest in every one he meets, and he manages, as sentimentalists often do, to meet only those to whom he has an affinity—beggars, and old soldiers, and pretty women. For the latter class he has an endless courtesy, a patronising coquetry, and the fraction of a heart. The feeling that is so ready and so divided may well be called shallow; but there is a genuineness in it, and it is based on a perception of what is poetical and right, that distinguishes it on the whole from what it so often and so closely resembles—the prurience that seeks to heighten excitement by prolonging the preliminaries. Those who know the book will remember the scene where the *fille de chambre* visits the traveller in his hotel, and where, after some hesitation, described in Sterne's most piquant and objectionable manner, the traveller sends her away and locks the door. This scene is enough to convince any one who reflects on it that Sterne had sounded the depths of sentimentalism. The feeling of the sentimentalist was shallow enough to lead

him into the affair, but it was generous enough to get him out of it. He did not, like a man of high principle and deep feeling, abstain from expending sentiment on such an intimacy, nor, like a man of the world, did he proceed in a spirit of consistent prose. He did what both these classes of men would be apt to pronounce impossible—he stopped half-way.

If we are required to point the moral of sentimentalism, and, on Christmas-day, to rise or fall into a sermon, it is not difficult to do so. The evil of sentimentalism, more especially of sentimentalism in the higher walks of literature, is that it tempts readers to go further than the sentimentalist, and to take advantage of the shallowness of his feeling without being influenced by its genuineness. France used, not long ago, to send us shoals of sentimental novels calculated to produce this effect. Now, French romances are sunk far below sentimentalism; but the novels published a few years since by the more poetical romance writers had this great drawback—that on their shallow and prurient side they were easily appreciable, but their better side was too peculiar to the writer, or to some set of persons, to be intelligible to English readers. And of course, taken at its best, sentimentalism is a very imperfect thing. It is good that men should have shallow feelings rather than none; but shallow feelings are very dangerous guides, as Sterne has abundantly shown. No man who is sentimental, and who knows that he is sentimental, ought to rest satisfied. But to pass from sentimentalism to high feeling is a very difficult thing, and requires a serious effort, sure to be marked by numerous failure; for it is a prominent tendency of sentimentalism to think things right, but not to think things wrong. The man of shallow feeling loves what is good, but he will not keep aloof from what is bad. The hatred of wrong is the great sign and triumph of deep feeling. How is this hatred to be excited and fostered in a breast that is a stranger to it? Perhaps it never can be brought beyond a certain point of growth, for the characters to which the hatred of wrong is natural will always be superior to those in which it is acquired. But the first great step towards the acquisition—the first stage of transition from sentimentalism to high feeling—is the conviction that bad things are bad. How that conviction is to be made permanent, strong, and fruitful, it must be left to every one to answer for himself; and Christmas-day is not, perhaps, a bad day for meditating on the subject.

#### A HOUSE TO LET.

THE minor works of Mr. Dickens have, in a literary point of view, something of the same sort of interest that the specimens of raw material in museums and exhibitions may claim from a trader or manufacturer. This is the ore by which all the iron-works of Staffordshire and Warwickshire are kept in work. This is the clay from which we get our finest pottery. This is the cotton upon the plenty of which depends all the prosperity of Manchester and Liverpool. There is something interesting in examining these various products—in weighing the ironstone, handling the clay, testing the fibre of the cotton, and thinking of all the uses to which they are put. Our modern literary arrangements are frequently so contrived that a precisely analogous operation can be performed on the works of a great author. A man writes on and on till he acquires a power of production which to some appears disastrous, and to others miraculous. After fascinating or astonishing a large circle of readers by his earlier performances, he at last reaches a kind of established level, on which he proceeds with hardly any variation. You always know what you are to have for your money. You can estimate with strange precision the kind and degree of satisfaction which you will derive from what is written. Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, and Sir E. Lytton have each their respective flavour, so that a person in search of intellectual pastry need feel no more embarrassment in choosing his particular luxury than the school-boy epicure who brings his sixpence to the confectioner's familiar counter.

The same is no doubt true to a certain extent of books of a graver character. You can guess beforehand with more or less accuracy what Gibbon, or Dr. Arnold, or Mr. Grote will say about a given subject; but, to the great advantage of these writers, the subject-matter on which they write ties them down to facts from which they cannot honestly vary, so that, however familiar the opinions of the author may after a time become, they are continually thrown into new shapes and invested with new interest by the new facts to which they are applied. Works of imagination are nothing more at best than the expression of the author's observation of the world within and without himself, thrown into a variety of forms more or less ingenious and unfamiliar. In course of time the experience and observation are worked out. The man has told you all that he has got to tell. We all know what he thinks of men and women, of the life which they lead, and of the world in which they live. In reading books published after this stage in an author's history, we more or less consciously cease to care for the subject-matter of the book, and limit our attention to the manner. In style there is always a certain degree of interest, for it is not only the most characteristic part of a book, but it is very frequently the part which exercises the widest moral and intellectual influence on those who read, and more especially on those who imitate.

Mr. Dickens has long since reached this stage in his career. Most of the gunpowder in the catherine-wheel has exploded, but

now that the sparks have gone out, and the cartridge-paper revolves in a somewhat more leisurely manner, we are able to observe more accurately than before the principles on which the firework was constructed, and the manner in which its startling effects were produced. Mr. Dickens's present Christmas story appears to us to illustrate with singular completeness all the peculiarities of his style, whilst it has few of those merits which in his earlier works made it a difficult matter to criticize what he wrote with entire impartiality. His influence over some departments of literature has been so marked, and his imitators are so numerous, that we may be excused for devoting to what is meant to be a very trifling, and is intrinsically a very insignificant performance, what might otherwise be a disproportionate amount of attention. The four stories contained in the *House to Let* are interesting only from the fact that they are samples of an important article of literary commerce. The substance of them is that an old house stood empty for some years, and attracted the curiosity of an old lady who lived opposite. She rakes up the history of the last four tenants. The first was a man who married a supposed widow, whose husband came back and drowned himself to be out of his wife's way. The second was a showman, with a dwarf in his van. The dwarf drew a prize in a lottery, spent his money, and returned to his van in disgust. The third was an artist who married a silly wife, to the disgust of his sister. The brother died, and the sister's lover returned; the brother's widow married him, and then the sister died. The fourth and last tenant is a small child, living surreptitiously in the house, and kept out of the way by a wicked grandfather, who turns out to be the cousin of the old lady who tells the story, and who is watched by an old woman and her son—a debauched doctor. Each of these stories is in itself too trifling to tell. They are mere specimens of a style, the great element of which is simple grotesqueness—the habit of describing the most ordinary and commonplace things in an unexpected manner. For example, the old lady who is to tell the story comes up from Tunbridge Wells to London, and this is made into a point. Her manservant is called Trotter; her superannuated admirer is Mr. Jabez Jarber. Mr. Jarber wears a cloak which clasps round his neck with a couple of fierce little brass lions, and he is elaborately painted in such words as these:—"He was always a little squeezed man, was Jarber, in little sprigged waistcoats, and he had always little legs, and a little smile, and little roundabout ways."

This artifice is worth some attention, for it is intimately connected with Mr. Dickens's success, and is most characteristic of all the efforts of his imitators. Its commonness is a great misfortune in a literary point of view, for it supplies an easy mode of being amusing and impressive upon almost any and every subject in the world. It is like a highly-flavoured sauce, which will disguise any kind of meat, and it is almost a mechanical trick which any one might be taught to perform who has the most elementary knowledge of composition. The whole art consists in giving an undue prominence to the small grotesque features which exist in every department of life. Most of us probably would notice a sort of odd congruity between the name of Trotter and an old-fashioned self-important manservant accustomed to take liberties with his master, just as we have all known men who from their boyhood upwards have been called Peter or Charley, although their sponsors never gave them any legal right to those names. To take a more grotesque fancy of this kind as the germ of a character, and to model the whole man upon it—making him on every occasion act and talk and think as a man with an out-of-the-way name might be expected to act or talk—is a trick of style which might be caught, and with a little practice repeated to any extent, just like Swift's well-known trick of making a monstrously absurd assumption and reasoning upon it with the gravest, most exact, and most symmetrical logic. It was once observed of a certain family, that all its members were distinguished by having straight hair and curly teeth. If this remarkable phrase had occurred to Mr. Dickens, he would have deduced the whole character and conduct of the owners of such peculiarities from these two circumstances. There is a whimsicality about the combination which might, and no doubt would, have been worked backwards and forwards in a thousand ways. There are almost an infinite number of situations in which the fact that a man had lank hair would heighten the habitual expression of his face, and there is no limit to the use which might be made of curly teeth at the crisis of a story. In *Dombey and Son*, Mr. Carker's teeth are made to shine and glare, and act as eyes which could see in the dark, and go through every sort of wonderful performance. If the infirmity to which we have referred were attributed to the hero of a novel, his teeth would wriggle like a nest of vipers, or sprawl like toads, or curl in contempt over his lips, as if they were making confidential remarks to the straight hair, and would determine the whole course of the story, character, and conduct of their fortunate possessor from one end of the book to the other.

It may seem a fanciful, but we believe it is a perfectly true observation, that there is the closest possible connexion between this habit of making grotesque trifles into the test and the germ of character and the more serious peculiarities of Mr. Dickens's modes of thought. By dwelling upon this side of life the mind is carried into a region of which it is not exactly fair to say that it is entirely furnished with trifles, but in which trifles are regarded as the best evidence upon matters of importance.



Odd circumstances about people are made the key to their character and conduct so repeatedly that the mind is thrown into a state in which it is prepared to change its views upon hearing of any new odd circumstance which may occur. This paves the way for all sorts of rapid transitions from one shade of feeling to another. One odd thing is ludicrous, another pathetic, and a third terrible, and, as far as the writer's influence goes, it tends to accustom people to attach importance to such things, and to accustom the mind to hold its convictions loosely, and to change them on fanciful grounds.

The curious medley of feelings which such a device is able to foster almost simultaneously has exactly the same sort of effect. The author continually passes, and does his best to take his reader with him, from a laugh to a cry; and whether he laughs or cries, he always does so on the strength of some incident which has hardly any connexion at all with the main facts of the story which he is telling. The *House to Let* affords many curious instances of this—curious principally because they are so common, not to say universal, in the author's more important publications. We take one of them as an illustration. A pathetic touch being wanted, the old lady who tells the story sets to work to describe herself, and goes back from the matter in hand—which is the desolate condition of the opposite house—to her own youth, and the death of her sister-in-law, which gives an opportunity for the following little bit of description:—

Charley was my youngest brother, and he went to India. He married there, and sent his gentle little wife home to me to be confined, and she was to go back to him, and the baby was to be left with me, and I was to bring it up. It never belonged to this life. It took its silent place among the other incidents in my story that might have been, but never were. I had hardly time to whisper to her "Dead, my own!" or she to answer, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! O lay it on my breast and comfort Charley!" when she had gone to seek her baby at Our Saviour's feet.

In the next paragraph we are getting fun out of the fact that the old lady's-maid was called Flobbins, her superannuated admirer Jabez Jarber, and she herself Sophonisba. The levity and tawdriness of each member both of the pathos and of the fun is bad enough in itself, but the degree in which those qualities are displayed in the combination of the fun with the pathos is even more characteristic. The notion of a couple of women, one of whom had just been confined of a still-born child, exchanging such remarks as "Dead, my own!" "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes," is in itself sufficiently wonderful. Sophonisba's familiarity with heaven and its inmates is to us at least offensive enough; but that people should pass straight away from such sorrows and such consolations to laugh at odd dresses and grotesque names, is exactly the sort of impropriety which might be expected from a man who looks upon life and death almost exclusively from a theatrical point of view.

When we read page after page of this sort of writing, and remember that they are fair specimens of a sort of material with which for some twenty years the world has been supplied as regularly and almost as copiously as with calico or mutton, it is easy to enter into the sort of indignation which Dr. Arnold expressed against such works. He thought that they were one of the principal causes of an extreme and increasing childishness which, as he said, he traced amongst schoolboys. There are so many counter-influences in life that we should doubt whether the effect described by Dr. Arnold was really produced, but we feel no sort of doubt that he estimated very justly the tendency of the kind of literature of which he regretted the popularity.

#### INSANITY OF CRIMINALS.

A MURDER case just tried at the York Assizes, which ended in the acquittal of the accused, one Atkinson, deserves some investigation, not because it is an extreme or exaggerated instance of the lengths to which medical testimony is disposed to go to support the plea of insanity, but because it contains a good summary of the arguments generally used on such occasions. This trial has not only brought together all that is usually urged by the experts in insanity, but it shows the broad general bias of the mad doctors, as they are called. We are ready to admit that, taken in their accumulated weight, there was much in the arguments urged for the defence of insanity set up for Atkinson. The single links were weak enough, but they had a formidable coherence. The distinct proof of hereditary insanity, the physical constitution of the criminal, the presence of symptoms indicative of cretinism, the ungoverned—we will not say ungovernable—passions of the murderer, his defective intelligence, and, above all, the reluctance to hang a man in the face of doubt and perplexity—all these things account for, and justify, or at least go far to extenuate, the verdict. It was perhaps unavoidable; and we shall not so much canvass the case as reflect upon some of the principles laid down by the medical witnesses. Yet it would be unfair to deny that on almost every point, except the proof of hereditary insanity, there was an actual conflict of evidence; and even the strong argument based upon the ground of hereditary taint was modified by the equally strong presumption of actual sanity to be derived from Atkinson's minute and lucid confession. If one witness proved great defects in arithmetical progress, another, and a schoolmaster, swore to the prisoner's skill in proportion; and it must be admitted that if a person ever worked a sum in the rule of three, the evidence that he was not able to tell what two and two make must go for nothing. The father's assertion of his son's imbecility,

to say nothing of his natural bias under such circumstances, was absolutely annihilated by his admission that he had named the alleged idiot an executor to his will. Doctor confronted doctor, and leech contradicted leech, as completely as schoolmaster was at issue with schoolmaster on the question of Atkinson's intellectual powers; yet it could only have been by a hazardous experiment on the discriminating powers of a jury that the incident of a boy of eight years old having been childishly enraged at not getting his dinner, was produced by way of proof of a man's insanity at twenty-four. Nor, in themselves, were the special instances of imbecility at all conclusive. A vast many rude hinds, elsewhere than in the wilder parts of Yorkshire, can only give very incoherent accounts of God, and even Dr. Winslow admitted that his own views of the locality of hell were as vague as those of the prisoner. Remembering that grave philosophers have held that the seat of the soul is in the pineal gland, perhaps we might sympathize with Atkinson's Pyrrhonic frame of mind when he professed a lurking doubt whether a man thought with his heart; and as Launcelot Gobbo makes the heels capable of ratiocination apart from the suasive powers of the conscience, we may fairly say that Atkinson's inability to decide whether a man could think with his legs cut off is not conclusive of his incapacity to know that he was doing wrong when cutting his paramour's throat. Nor do we think that sufficient weight was attached to the circumstance that the girl Senife, in spite of all this alleged idiocy, not only kept up the most intimate relations with her murderer for years, but was perfectly ready, and with her father's assent, to become the wife, as she had been long the mistress, of this fatuous and often frenzied driveller.

But we are concerned with the principles laid down by the *saracens*, and they are such that, if they are to be generally accepted, it will be almost impossible to convict a murderer. One witness, not without Baron Watson's protest, laid it down broadly that "the commission of murder was of itself evidence of an unsound state of mind." Such a witness, we think, ought to have been ordered out of Court; for after such an admission of his antecedent prejudice, his testimony must be utterly worthless. Another witness, Mr. Hitching, admitted that, in his endeavour to get Dove acquitted, he "had propounded the opinion, that if a man nourished an idea until it gained such possession of his mind as to injure his health and produce a morbid change in his brain, it then might become an uncontrollable condition of mind, impelling him to carry out the idea, and that he then would not be responsible." Dr. Forbes Winslow has "made it a rule to refuse to go into a witness-box to prove a prisoner's sanity on a charge of murder." It is quite plain that if these principles go for anything—and they were urged by separate witnesses—they go very far towards invalidating the whole line of defence, even in Atkinson's case. That defence was cumulative; and if each portion of the testimony was the result of prejudice of this sort, the moral force of the aggregate vanishes. The whole is made up of its parts, and if these can be separately disposed of, the general fabric falls. If one expert holds that a man must be mad because he is a murderer, and another that no man is responsible for his actions if he dwells upon a guilty purpose till it disorders his brain, and if a third admits that he only gives his evidence as an advocate, there is an end of the necessity of judicial proof. The facts and details of evidence are, in that case, mere surplusage. We have already said that the circumstances alleged in proof of Atkinson's idiocy, taken separately, were inconclusive, and were contested by counter-evidence; but they are absolutely superfluous in the face of major premisses of this sort. Murder may of course be wiped out of the list of crimes if every murderer is *ipso facto* insane; yet no less than a position of this monstrous nature is announced in Mr. Hitching's "abstract proposition," as the reporter calls it. Crime is impossible on this doctrine of "nourishing an idea." If this is true of murder, it is true of every so-called crime. If we are not responsible when we murder a man, simply because we have long cherished the idea of killing him, neither are we to be punished as thieves because we have long had a hankering after our neighbour's purse. In point of fact, there is no such thing as responsibility after the stage of coveting has been gone through. We should like to ask Mr. Hitching whether he holds that the tenth commandment has any force, or, if it has, whether the responsibility which it implies ceases when applied to the sixth, seventh, and eighth? People generally believe that, as regards the moral law, both the overt act and the preliminary stage of guilty thoughts are matters at least of Christian responsibility. But Mr. Hitching is very plainly disposed not only to clear away the thorny doubts which moralists have planted about the path of duty, but to make a criminal judge's office a sinecure. Human law cannot punish the thoughts—no Court can deal with inchoate intentions—we cannot punish a man for nourishing an idea. There is no stage in the growth of uncontrollable conditions of mind in which a policeman or a magistrate is to interfere; and when the uncontrollable condition has got hold of the patient—for there is no place for criminal, word or thing, in this easy-going new moral world—it is too late for law and justice to act. The man is now no longer responsible—he has passed out of the kingdom of humanity, its sanctions and its prohibitions. Crime is at an end—there is no such thing. Nor does Mr. Hitching stand alone. His formula was repeated almost word for word by Dr. Caleb Williams, who, like Mr. Hitching, gave similar evidence on Dove's trial, to the

effect that "if a man nourished any passion till it became uncontrollable, that was moral insanity," and therefore he was not culpable. We must say that this view, if it gains ground as it seems to be doing, will save the Law Amendment Society a world of trouble, and will very much simplify our criminal jurisprudence as well as our moral philosophy.

Dr. Forbes Winslow is unquestionably a very eminent person; but we are almost disposed to agree with the rough Yorkshire surgeon's dictum—"Such gentlemen, from devoting themselves exclusively to one subject, were liable to be a little crotchety." At any rate, we must say that the "rule" upon which he acts, "never to give evidence to prove a prisoner's sanity on a charge of murder," is inconsistent with his duties as a citizen. We much doubt whether such a man as Dr. Winslow can be prepared to say that a sane murderer is impossible, as one of the medical witnesses bravely did on this very trial. If he will not go this length, we must remind him that it is his duty to speak the truth, and society has a right to the services of men of science and education. If it is Dr. Winslow's duty to refuse his testimony in cases of murder, it is everybody else's duty to decline to prove a murderer's sanity. In other words, it is simply immoral to be a witness on a trial for murder; and if it is immoral to be a witness, it must be because the trial itself is immoral. In still plainer words, murder is no crime, and the Assizes are a mockery. It is at least something to have brought this out as the ultimate result of medical evidence on insanity.

#### M. LOUIS BLANC AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I request you, in the name of justice, to make known to your readers that I most emphatically protest against the imputation of having written "an elaborate series of apologies for the crimes of Robespierre and his base accomplices." No assertion could be more inaccurate, and it will certainly be a matter of astonishment to any one who has read my book. It is one thing to justify the crimes of a man, and another to prove that the crimes generally attributed to a man were not committed by him. The crimes you denounce are branded in my book with every expression of disgust and reprobation; but finding out, after more than twelve years of laborious and minute inquiry into the subject, that these crimes had been unjustly laid to the charge of Robespierre, I felt bound, as a historian and as an honest man, to proclaim it at all hazards—and I was well aware of them. No historian of the French Revolution has more deeply stamped than I have the felon's mark on such men as Fouché, Collot d'Herbois, Tallien, Fréron, Carrier; but these men, far from being the accomplices of Robespierre, were his most deadly enemies, and they coalesced for the purpose of destroying him, just because they knew that, while determined to maintain the principles of the French Revolution, he was preparing to check their excesses, to call them to a stern account, and to bring to a close their system of terror. This, my view of the case, is, of course, open to discussion. All I can say is, that I have kept nothing back; that I have been profuse of evidence; that I have not set a single fact in the text without citing and weighing the authorities *pro* and *con*, so as to enable the reader to verify my assertions, and to judge for himself. May I add that, respecting Robespierre, I have done nothing more, after all, than giving positiveness and reality to the felicitous impressions of M. de Lamartine, the very person for whom the sympathy of the English is now invoked.

For the publication of this formal statement of mine I confidently rely on your sense of justice. Your most obedient servant,

LOUIS BLANC.

## REVIEWS.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.\*

VANITY is not a very noble passion, nor the parent of very noble actions. But there is something heroic, after its kind, in the vanity which can find food for itself in the Crucifixion, glass itself in the image of the Redeemer, and see a compliment to itself in the Incarnation. If Barnum had been successful in a political intrigue similar to that which is commemorated in the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, he would have described his success in very much the same language as Mr. Disraeli. He has also furnished a very tolerable parallel to Mr. Disraeli in the engaging frankness with which he displays his moral peculiarities and his modes of attaining the object he has in view for the admiration of a world which he assumes to be perfectly sympathetic. But he could not have done the Jew Chapter; he could not have turned all Revealed Religion into a standing advertisement of himself; he could not have given himself out as a part of "the only medium through which man can communicate with his Creator." There is in Barnum a lingering touch of reverence and humility, in spite of his brazen face. The Jew Chapter is beyond his moral powers.

Mr. Disraeli uses the most hallowed names known to man with such revolting recklessness that it is difficult to quote from him on these subjects without offence. But as to his theory of Christianity and its founder, and the inference he wishes to be drawn

from it, there can be no mistake. "Jesus of Nazareth, the Incarnate Son of the Most High God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race"—the race which numbers among its other eternal glories the author of this work. This is Mr. Disraeli's grand and pervading idea of the subject. The introduction of Christianity into the world was the grandest act of homage on the part of Him from whom it came to the exclusive pride of caste. That pride, in Mr. Disraeli's apprehension, evidently touches Deity itself. With ineffable condescension the Divine Being assumed the form of man. But in the midst of that ineffable condescension one lingering feeling of a different kind remained. The human form assumed was not that of ordinary men. It was the human form which was afterwards to be borne by the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli. The law of all-embracing love was established upon earth, and all the barriers which could separate man from man were to be removed, save one—that one which divides Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, Mr. Ikey Solomons, and other "Bedouens" from the mass of common humanity. "The redemption of the human race has been effected through the mediatorial agency of a child of Israel." "Only one race could be deemed worthy of accomplishing the mystery of the Incarnation." It was not by God taking the form of man, but by a Jew, or rather by Jews in general, that the salvation of man was accomplished, and it is to the Jews that the gratitude of humanity is due. In accepting Christianity (if they do accept it) Jews are not to forget "that the blood of Jacob is a chosen and peculiar blood." They are carefully to preserve their caste feelings, and to look down upon their fellow Christians, remembering that they themselves are of the blood of Disraeli. Jewish intellect, not revelation, is the parent of our religion. The toiling multitude rest every seventh day by virtue of a Jewish law; they are perpetually reading for their example the records of Jewish history—the law delivered on Sinai having been of course made by the Jews, and the historical books of the Old Testament being a perpetual record of the virtues and religious faithfulness of the Jewish people, not at all of their crimes, apostacies, and punishments. Nay, "they (the toiling multitudes) daily acknowledge on their knees, with reverent gratitude, that the only medium of communication between the Creator and themselves is the Jewish race." Mr. Disraeli, therefore, in common with all the denizens of Holywell-street, is actually a part of the only medium of communication between man and his Creator. Let us regard him with reverent gratitude. What unspeakable condescension, that this divine being should have become, as he records in these pages, the author of a particularly vile political intrigue, and the parasitic Mephistopheles of a Lord George Bentinck!

Baron Rothschild "believed only in the first part of the Jewish religion." The English Jews who deny Christianity are "those subjects of her Majesty who profess that limited belief in Divine Revelation which is commonly called the Jewish religion." To Mr. Disraeli Christianity is only the second, and by no means the better, part of Judaism. Nay, he denies that Christ taught a new religion at all:—

When the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation was consummated, a Divine Person moved on the face of the earth in the shape of a child of Israel, not to teach but to expiate. True it is that no word could fall from such lips whether in the form of profound parable, or witty retort(?), or preceptive lore, but to guide and enlighten; but they who, in those somewhat lax effusions which in these days are honoured with the holy name of theology, speak of the morality of the Gospel as a thing apart and of novel revelation, would do well to remember that in promulgating such doctrines they are treading on very perilous ground. There cannot be two moralities; and to hold that the Second Person of the Holy Trinity could teach a different morality from that which had been already revealed by the first Person of the Holy Trinity, is a dogma so full of terror that it may perhaps be looked upon as the ineffable sin against the Holy Spirit. When the lawyer tempted our Lord, and inquired how he was to inherit eternal life, the great Master of Galilee referred him to the writings of Moses. There he would find recorded "the whole duty of man;" to love God with all his heart, and soul, and strength, and mind, and his neighbour as himself. These two principles are embalméd in the writings of Moses, and are the essence of Christian morals.

This passage seems directly pointed against "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." That commandment, indeed, would only be saved from reprobation in Mr. Disraeli's eyes by the fact that those to whom it was immediately addressed were all Jews. "Witty retort" is not a phrase that would have occurred to many persons as descriptive of anything in the Gospels; but nothing is surprising in a writer who takes Christianity to be a religion of exclusiveness and caste, and probably Mr. Disraeli sees in the "witty retorts" of the gospels the prototypes (though probably the inferiors) of his own. The great Divine who talks of "the somewhat lax effusions which in these days are honoured with the holy name of theology," himself in this very book, places the preaching of St. Paul and the conversion of the first Gentile (or "ethnic," as he chooses to call him) a century after Christ, betrays a doubt whether the Crucifixion took place in the reign of Augustus or that of another Tiberius ("hedging" in the present edition by means of a name compounded between the two), and in quoting the language of the New Testament shows pretty clearly that he does not know the difference between a superlative adjective and a substantive.

"The Jews represent the Semitic principle—all that is spiritual in our nature." So that all that is spiritual in our nature is a peculiarity of physical organization. Let any one put before himself the moral objects for which alone we can conceive the world to have been created, and then consider whether he can

\* *Lord George Bentinck. A Political Biography.* By the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P. Second Edition. London: Routledge. 1858.



imagine the Creator to have tied himself in his dealings with mankind to observe for ever the law of race:—

All is race. The Norman element in our population wanes; the influence of the Saxon population is felt everywhere, and everywhere their characteristics appear. Hence the honour to industry, the love of toil, the love of money, the love of peace, the passion for religious missions, the hatred of the Pope, the aversion to capital punishments, the desire to compensate for injuries, even the loss of life, by a pecuniary mulct, the aversion to central justice, finally the disbelief of our ever being invaded by the French. The state of public opinion in this country at present more resembles that of England under Edward the Confessor than under Queen Anne.

Never was a shallower theory, or a more ridiculous illustration. Mr. Disraeli has himself said somewhere that after the battle of Towton a Norman baron was as scarce an animal as a wolf, which is at all events nearer the truth than the assumption involved in this passage, that the Norman element was predominant down to the reign of Queen Anne. In what part of our present institutions Mr. Disraeli discovers the desire to compensate for the loss of life by a pecuniary mulct, the great mystic himself alone can say. Evidently he believes that the *Weregild* was a peculiar institution of the Anglo-Saxons. We need not stop to inquire into his notions of "the state of public opinion under Edward the Confessor." The Anglo-Saxon race may be worthy of the contempt which, here and elsewhere, Mr. Disraeli exhibits for them. He has some reason to think that some of the coarser natures among them will, in their ignobler hours, desert honour and league themselves with dishonour for the sake of money, in the shape of rent. But few of them are capable of deliberately laying out for themselves, as the ideal of their lives, the career of a political sharper. That, with submission to him, is more likely to occur in the case of an Oriental, whose mean propensities have been intensified by want of fusion with nobler and more manly blood.

It may be observed that the decline and disasters of modern communities have generally been relative to their degree of sedition against the Semitic principle. Since the great revolt of the Celts against the first and second Testament, at the close of the last century, France has been alternately in a state of collapse or convulsion. Throughout the awful trials of the last sixty years, England, notwithstanding her deficient and meagre theology, has always remembered Zion. The great Transatlantic republic is intensely Semitic, and has prospered accordingly. This sacred principle alone has consolidated the mighty empire of all the Russias. How omnipotent it is cannot be more clearly shown than by the instance of Rome, where it appears in its most corrupt form. An old man on a Semitic throne baffles the modern Attilas, and the recent invasion of the barbarians, under the form of red republicans, socialists, communists, all different phases which describe the relapse of the once converted races into their primitive condition of savagery. Austria would long ago have dissolved but for the Semitic principle; and if the north of Germany has never succeeded in attaining that imperial position which seemed its natural destiny, it is that the north of Germany has never at any time been thoroughly converted. Some perhaps may point to Spain as a remarkable instance of decline in a country where the Semitic principle has exercised great influence. But the fall of Spain was occasioned by the expulsion of her Semitic population: a million families of Jews and Saracens, the most distinguished of her citizens for their industry and their intelligence, their learning and their wealth.

In this passage it will be observed that "the second Testament" clearly stands no higher in point of dignity and importance than "the first," and that both are clearly parts of "the Semitic principle." It would not be very fruitful to carry on an historical discussion, which necessarily grounds itself on facts, with the theorist who can represent the Latin Papacy as a Semitic throne. Otherwise we might ask why the expulsion of the Jews from France by Philip the Fair, and from England by Edward I., did not lead to the decline of those countries, as the expulsion of the Spanish Jews by Ferdinand and Isabella is alleged to have led to the decline of Spain.

Mr. Disraeli seems disposed to acknowledge that Christianity, though only the second part, is a real and essential part of the Semitic principle, and even that "it is to be deplored that several millions of the Jewish race should persist in believing in only a part of their religion." If this is the case, those Jews who become converts to Christianity ought to be divine indeed. They ought to be manifestly superior, as embodiments of the spiritual principle, to all the Pariah Christians. We do not wish to detract from the spiritual eminence of the late Bishop Alexander, or Dr. Wolfe; but are they clearly superior to all Christians of any other race?

Lord George Bentinck voted for Jewish emancipation on the principle of religious liberty—a principle which, according to Mr. Disraeli, "was first introduced into active politics in order to preserve the possessions of that portion of the aristocracy which had established itself on the plunder of the Church"—Luther, Melancthon, and Zuingle being, we presume, parties to the arrangement. Lord George Bentinck was a Protectionist, but he was not a Tory. He was a thorough Whig of 1688, and, therefore, a meet political associate for the great enemy of the "Venetian oligarchy." Mr. Disraeli commends Jewish emancipation to the Tories on far more congenial grounds. "The Jews are a living and the most striking evidence of the falsity of that pernicious doctrine of modern times, the natural equality of man." And again:—"The native tendency of the Jewish race, who are justly proud of their blood, is against the doctrine of the equality of man." We commend him, with his theories of race and of religion generally, to the study of a "Jewish" book in which we will venture to say he is not very deeply read, and in which he will find, among other things, a Jew teaching that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

We do not intend, in reference to such a subject as "the Jew Chapter," to discuss the position that "the immolators were pre-ordained as well as the victim," which Mr. Disraeli advances to prove that Iscariot and Caiaphas are deserving of our reverence and gratitude. It is enough briefly to protest, in conclusion, against this republication of a revolting attempt to convert religion and God himself into puffs for the "Semitic principle" in the trade of political intrigue.

#### THE STATES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.\*

THE diplomatic service of the United States is less of a special profession than our own; but its followers are not behind-hand in general ability and information, or in the art of enveloping a judicious self-assertion in the mantle of an enlightened communicativeness. Mr. Squier's former position as *chargé d'affaires* to the Republics of Central America gave him an opportunity, which he has not unsuccessfully embraced, of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the capacities and characters of the States to which his mission led him, and of collecting a mass of more reliable data for a fair judgment on their position and prospects than would have fallen in the way of the mere miscellaneous traveller. The authoritative-looking volume before us has grown out of the *Notes on Central America* published by Mr. Squier three or four years ago, by the infusion of new details, and the extension of the topic from Honduras and San Salvador to the entire circle of the Central American States lying between Yucatan and Panama. The general character of the whole region, and the peculiar features of the individual States, in respect of climate, inhabitants, scenery, organization, and resources, are described in a careful and picturesque manner, which will ensure the interest of the general reader in the more discursive parts of the work, and tend to enlarge the writer's reputation as a standard authority on a subject with the details of which European statisticians are as yet only partially familiar. A special interest will necessarily attach to the very full, intelligent, and apparently fair treatment of that most important question—which of the possible lines of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans has the largest claims upon the enterprise and capital of the world? Mr. Squier is a strong, able, and almost conclusive advocate of the superiority, in ease of construction, and convenience when completed, of the direct Northern-and-Southern Honduras Railway.

We regret to have to notice at least one instance of American smartness at the expense of Great Britain and accuracy, which it would have been more creditable and more dignified to suppress or to modify in a work of such pretensions to permanence and solidity. At the date of the publication of Mr. Squier's earlier volume, when the Ruatan and Mosquito questions were still diplomatically raging, it may have been quite natural and praiseworthy in an American official or politician to express strongly and straightforwardly the American view of the conduct of England in holding the Bay Islands, and putting forward the claims of his Mosquitian Majesty to the eastern shore of Honduras. But it is scarcely consistent with fairness to insert, or to leave unrevised, in the general description of the territories of Honduras, published in 1858, the bare statement that the Bay Islands "are now forcibly occupied by Great Britain, in violation of the rights and sovereignty of Honduras, and of the explicit terms of the treaty with the United States of 1850." Nor is the following assertion more applicable to the actual state of things:—"Great Britain has also set up claims to a considerable portion of the eastern coast of Honduras, from Cape Comorin, or Cape of Honduras, a few miles to the eastward of Truxillo, to Cape Gracias á Dios, on behalf of the supposititious Mosquito King." It is true that an appendix to a later chapter, some six hundred pages further on in the volume, contains an account of the conventions between Great Britain and Honduras, involving the cession of both the points in dispute by the greater Power, which were signed in 1856; and the author states, accurately enough, that the islands are now governed by Great Britain only pending the modification of certain details objected to by the Honduras Legislature, and the ratification of the conventions as they shall be finally agreed upon. It is needless to re-open here the question of the original rights of the matter as between England and Spain, or the derivative rights as between England and the modern local representative of Spain, Honduras, and the incidental interests of the United States. But it is clear that under no view of them is Mr. Squier's main statement accurate for the time at which it purports to be made. An explanation in the notes to a subsidiary chapter is no justification for retaining an assertion which has become a libel. We must accuse Mr. Squier of carelessness as an author, if we acquit him of unfairness as a national critic.

The statistical view afforded us by Mr. Squier of the comparative population and area of the Central American States is valuable and interesting in proportion to its general accuracy. But we reckon that it is the glorious privilege of a free citizen of the United States to be eternally smart at calculating; and it is rather difficult to place anything like absolute faith in the coincidence with fact of the results of a census entirely based on the assumed proportions of the registered births and deaths to each other, and to the whole population. Anything, however,

\* *The States of Central America.* By E. G. Squier. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

like a census taken according to the empirical methods of Europe is unattainable, and therefore we must not be ungrateful to Mr. Squier for his aptness in guessing. He sums up the aggregate of the inhabitants of San Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, at two millions, exclusive of the wandering Indians, as to whom even a practised actuary would be at fault for want of facts to build a scale upon. San Salvador, the smallest but the richest and healthiest of the States from physical considerations, is the second in actual population, and is relatively more than twice as thickly peopled as any of the others—maintaining forty-five to the square mile, while Guatemala has twenty, Honduras nine, Nicaragua and Costa Rica six only. Of these two millions, Mr. Squier estimates the pure whites as one-twentieth; the pure Indians and the Ladinos (or half-breeds) being about equal in number. The proportion of whites is, he states, constantly decreasing, and the Ladino approaching more and more to the original Indian type; while the total population is increasing in a very rapid and constant ratio. The deduction drawn is, that if the laws of anthropological science, as Mr. Squier terms it, were allowed to settle the problem without extraneous interference, the European element would by degrees be entirely absorbed in the indigenous one. It is not probable that the practical filibustering energy of General Walker and his followers, or the theoretical views of "manifest destiny" which appear to enter of necessity into the composition of every true-born citizen of the Great Republic, will allow anthropological science to work out its results undisturbed in Central America. That Mr. Squier is a partaker of the ordinary views of his countrymen as to the destinies and duties of American civilization, may be gathered from the following passage:—

If the United States, as compared with the Spanish American Republics, has (*sic*) achieved an immeasurable advance in all the elements of greatness, that result is eminently due to the rigid and inexorable refusal of the dominant Teutonic stock to debase its blood, impair its intellect, lower its moral standard, or peril its institutions by intermixture with the inferior or subordinate races of man. In obedience to the ordinances of Heaven, it has rescued half a continent from savage beasts and still more savage men, whose period of existence has terminated, and who must give place to higher organizations and a superior life. Short-sighted philanthropy may lament, and sympathy drop a tear as it looks forward to the total disappearance of the lower forms of humanity; but the laws of nature are irreversible. *Dens cult*—it is the will of God!

From this point of view, it appears that the only hope of Central America consists in averting the numerical decline of its white population, and increasing that element in the composition of its people. If not brought about by a judicious encouragement of emigration, or an intelligent system of colonization, the geographical position and resources of the country indicate that the end will be attained by those more violent means which among men, as in the material world, often anticipate the slower operations of natural laws.

Desultory moralists might perhaps hint that the dominant Teutonic stock of the Union has not always refused so inexorably to debase itself by the intermixture of blood, provided it did not thereby "peril its institutions;" but as the institutions are the expression of national morality from which the legal consequences spring, we are not disposed to quarrel with Mr. Squier's assertion in the main. In the interest, however, of the United States, even more than for the sake of Central America, we trust that the development of the latter in material and moral resources may be attained without appealing to that particular "destiny" of the Anglo-American people which is so apt to coincide with a desire strong enough by its own energy to fulfil itself. The conditions of indefinite expansibility under which the United States have hitherto grown, are not those which in the end will produce the strongest or most solid and coherent people. It is for the benefit of all parties alike that, whatever line is ultimately adopted as the main channel of inter-oceanic communication should be as absolutely neutral, and as perfectly free from foreign influence in the management of its traffic and its internal capabilities, as can be. The immediate and the permanent interest of both England and the Union should be simply to secure the cheapest, safest, and shortest road to their possessions in Western America.

This road, as we have said, Mr. Squier and the railway surveyors find in a direct line north and south through Honduras, from Puerto Cortez, or Caballos, to the Bay of Fonseca. The length from anchorage to anchorage is one hundred and forty-eight miles as the crow flies; and the actual mileage of railway to be laid down is estimated at somewhat under two hundred. The series of sloping plains and valleys, leading from Puerto Cortez by Santiago and Espino to the city of Comayagua, enable the road to ascend by easy gradients within four hundred feet of the extreme height to be crossed between the two oceans. The hardest gradient, for five miles near the summit of the pass, is laid down at eighty-five feet per mile, or 1 in 62. Higher proportions are not found impracticable in European railroads. On the Semmering Pass, between Vienna and Gratz, the maximum gradient is, we believe, 1 in 40. The rest of the line proposed presents no peculiar engineering difficulties, and is indeed, in the matter of gradients, remarkably easy. The height of the Col to be crossed in the centre is under 3000 feet above the sea level; and the general course may be stated as following the single great transverse valley which runs through the chain of the Cordilleras from sea to sea. It is nearly three hundred years since the peculiar merits of this line of communication were recognised by the Spanish Government in the foundation of the city of Comayagua, as the half-way house along the road.

But the greater and more permanent recommendation of this line of transit lies in the excellence of the termini. Puerto Cortez was recognised by the great man from whom it takes its

name as the finest harbour between Florida and Las Perlas; and it is of sufficient capacity for all the requirements of modern navigation. The country near it offers all the conditions necessary for the support of a large city, if the example of Cortez, who founded there the town of Natividad, should be followed by the commercial enterprise of the present day. The southern terminus, the Bay of Fonseca, is already known and recognised as one of the noblest harbours of the Pacific; and its actual importance increases steadily year by year. Part of its great political aptitude for the encouragement of the trade of Central America lies in the fact that three out of the five states, Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua have direct access to its waters. It is formed, as Mr. Squier graphically points out, by the sea breaking through the volcanic coast-range into the great longitudinal valley which runs from Guatemala to Costa Rica, along the southern foot of the true Cordilleras. Fifty miles in length by thirty in width—marked with the most graceful and the most striking features of tropical scenery, and running into endless subordinate bays and estuaries—it is a fit port for the navies of the world. The entrance to the bay from the sea, says Mr. Squire—

Is about eighteen miles wide, between the great volcanoes of Conchagua (3800 feet in height) and Coseguina (3000 feet in height) which stand like giant warders upon either hand, and constitute unmistakable landmarks for the mariner. On a line across this entrance, and about equidistant from each other, lie the two considerable islands of Conchagua and Mianguera, and a collection of high rocks called "los Farellones," which, while they serve to protect the bay from the swell of the sea, divide the entrance into four distinct channels, each of sufficient depth of water to admit the passage of the largest vessels. These islands are high, Conchagua being not less than 1500, and Mianguera about 1200 feet in height.

While residing at La Union, the port of San Salvador in the Bay of Fonseca, Mr. Squier observed that at the period of the northern gales in the Atlantic, a narrow portion of the bay was swept by strong winds from the north. He drew the natural inference that an interruption must exist in the sheltering chain of the Cordilleras; and a climb to the top of the volcano of Conchagua (the western warder of the bay), gave him ocular proof of the fact. The north wind came down through the break in the mountains which leads by Comayagua.

The competing scheme of inter-oceanic communication by way of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec offers no similar advantages in the possession of adequate or even tolerable harbours for its termini; and it may be remarked that, from the *detour* which is requisite in sailing from any port of the United States, except New Orleans, to Vera Cruz, in order to give a wide berth to the fatal Alacranes Rocks and the other dangers of the Bank of Campeachy, the average voyage from the States to Puerto Cortez is the shorter of the two. And according to the received observations of the paths of West Indian hurricanes, the course to Honduras is not less fortunate in avoiding the occasional Charybdis of winds and waters that comes swirling up the Caribbean Sea across the Panama track, than in steering clear of the permanent Scyllas of the Alacranes.

Mr. Squier's full and clear account of the natural productions and phenomena of the several States gives a permanent value to his work. One of the most singular vagaries of nature to be seen anywhere is the Fuente de Sangre, or fountain of blood, near the town of Virtud, in the department of Gracias, Honduras:—

From the roof of a small cavern there is constantly oozing and dropping a red liquid, which, upon falling, coagulates so as precisely to resemble blood. Like blood it corrupts; insects deposit their larvae in it, and dogs and buzzards resort to the cavern to eat it. In a country where there is so little scientific knowledge as in Central America, a phenomenon of this kind could not fail to be an object of great if not superstitious wonder, and many marvellous stories are current concerning the Fountain of Blood. Attempts have several times been made to obtain some of this liquid for the purpose of analysis, but in all cases without success, in consequence of its rapid decomposition, whereby the bottles containing it were broken. By largely diluting it with water, I succeeded in bringing with me to the United States two bottles of the liquid, which I submitted to Professor B. Silliman, junior, for examination. It had, however, undergone decomposition, and was very offensive. It had deposited a thick sediment, containing abundant traces of original organic matter. The peculiarities of the liquid are doubtless due to the rapid generation in this grotto of some very prolific species of coloured infusoria.

A collection of the traditions attached to this mysterious cavern, whether of Spanish Catholic, or Indian Pagan origin, would probably be an interesting miscellany of ingenious nonsense. We should be glad to see a drop of St. Januarius' blood submitted to the critical examination of Professor B. Silliman, junior.

Among the products which Central America sends to Europe in such quantities as to label her Republics with the distinctive nomenclature of the Indigo State, the Mahogany State, the Cochineal State, and so on, the most remarkable, as employing the greatest amount of the regular labour of the country in its export, is perhaps the mahogany of Honduras. Mr. Squier dilates with the gusto of a born backwoodsman on the grandeur of this monarch *de jure* of the forest of those latitudes, and the organization of toil required to subdue him. The tree is one of such slow growth as hardly to acquire "a perceptible increase of size in the narrow span of man's life." Three hundred years bring it to the proper age for cutting. It is most abundant on the low lands bordering the rivers which run into the Bay of Honduras. The wood is cut under Government license, and the most eager competition prevails among the cutters in discovering and appropriating the finest trees. Each gang, numbering from twenty to fifty men, has its special "hunter," whose office is to search the bush for the best mahogany in the most convenient



situation. His work for the year commences in August, when the leaves of the mahogany-tree are of a yellow-reddish hue. After cutting his way through the thickest wood to some elevated situation, he climbs the tallest trees and surveys the forest tops, till he discovers the spot where this tint prevails most freely. To that point he then finds his way, and surveys the individual trees. All the ingenuity of the Indian in detecting the trail of others, and obliterating his own, is used by the hunters of rival gangs, as no special property in the trees arises before the commencement of the actual felling. The strength of the gang, and the position of the trees, determine the number that can be cut and "trucked" within the next dry season. The first preparation for trucking is to clear a main road and branches from the fall to the river, while the fallen trees are seasoning. Clearing away the larger wood and undergrowth, bridging gullies or swamps, and making the road firm and level, occupies the gang till December. The next three or four months are given to sawing the mahogany into logs and squaring it for safer and easier carriage; and in April or May, the dry season being sufficiently advanced, the actual trucking or conveying to the river commences. The average distance of the mahogany cutter's beat from the water is from six to ten miles. The heat of the sun renders it impossible to work the oxen, except at night; all the journeys through the forest are therefore performed by torch-light. The logs are thrown off the trucks into the river, branded with the owner's name. In the middle of June, when the tropical rains have swollen the rivers, the whole year's cutting of logs floats some two hundred miles down the stream, until stopped by a boom across the river's mouth, when they are separated by their owners according to the brands, and made ready for shipping. In this business the chief industry of Honduras is at present occupied. Three centuries of growth, and one year of preparation under the aforesaid processes, are the unconsidered, but indispensable, prologue to your asking your familiar friend in London to come at seven o'clock and put his legs under your mahogany.

#### VOLTAIRE'S NOVELS.\*

IT is interesting to look back occasionally from the ephemeral books which will have outlived their popularity, if they are remembered at all, a year beyond their publication, to works which, after being the subject of eager and perhaps angry controversy, have taken a lasting place in the literature of their country. Few books have so good a claim to both parts of this description as Voltaire's novels. They are still popular, and perhaps to some extent influential. They were once as influential as almost any books that ever were published.

The three principal tales—*Zadig*, *Candide*, and *L'Ingénu*—all turn upon different views of the same subject—the providential government of the world. In the present day we are accustomed to novels—especially to French novels—which proceed on principles and are written in a manner so much more remote, not only from truth but from decency, that we could quite understand that a person, reading the works we have named for the first time, might be disappointed at finding that they were by no means so black as they are usually painted. In almost every respect they are wonderful books. *Zadig* appears to us to be decidedly inferior to the two others; but *Candide* and *L'Ingénu* unquestionably attain the object which their author apparently proposed to himself, with consummate power and skill. It is hardly a fair representation of either of these works to represent them as intended to ridicule the doctrine of a belief in Divine Providence. We have no doubt that much of the obloquy which they incurred arose from the mortification they inflicted on people who justified their own position—a position which was a monstrous wrong and absurdity—by a confused notion that they held it in virtue of a divine right. To force men to think clearly upon such subjects, and to express any thoughts about them in clear words, illustrated by plain examples, will always be considered very wrong by a large proportion of mankind. The matter is one on which people's feelings run so much in advance of their understandings, that they are extremely apt to take offence at what need not offend them in the least. Apart from the style, the story of *Candide* is susceptible of an edifying interpretation. As our readers are aware, it is an attack on optimism as stated by Leibnitz. The world, it is said, is not the best of all possible worlds, or at any rate we have no means of knowing that it is; for cases may be put of men who, without any particular fault of their own, are buffeted about from pillar to post, in an interminable series of calamities and vexations, without any perceptible benefit either to themselves or to any one else. *Candide* is turned out of his home, kidnapped by the Prussians, made to run the gauntlet, first wrecked off Lisbon, and then all but swallowed up in the great earthquake, tortured by inquisitors, lost in the woods of South America, separated from his mistress, swindled, sent to gaol, all but poisoned by his doctors, and ultimately landed with the companions of his misery (all of whom have undergone similar or even greater misfortunes) in a small farm near Constantinople, where he at last acquiesces in the conviction that the only true wisdom in respect to the world and its affairs is for a man to mind his own business, and leave speculation to itself.

\* *Romans et Contes*. Par Voltaire. Paris.

The style in which this doctrine is preached is certainly open to grave objections. A vein of pruriency runs throughout the whole which is eminently characteristic, though it must be owned that it is far less offensively prominent than the corresponding developments of the present generation of French novelists. Apart from this, all human affairs are described in that tone of harshness and levity which is, after all, the great blot on Voltaire's character; but it ought to be remembered that the book is throughout exclusively polemical. To effect a *reductio ad absurdum* of Leibnitz was the object which the author kept before himself from first to last, and the events and characters are constructed so exclusively with a view to that purpose, that they appear harsher and more cynical than they were perhaps intended to be. The bad character which has always attached to the book is, in fact, one of the strongest proofs which it is possible to cite of the vast moral importance of mere style. If the moral of *Candide* were expressed in gentler language it would be entirely unobjectionable. Almost every thinking man would admit that it is impossible and presumptuous to say that the world in which we live is the best of all possible worlds; and certainly there is nothing which need shock, or even surprise, the most pious Christian in the opinion that the origin and nature of evil and its relation to God are involved in altogether impenetrable mystery. This is the definite and positive side of *Candide*, but the real objection to the book lies in its negative side. The conclusion "je sais qu'il faut cultiver notre jardin," carries with it by implication the assertion that men must entirely confine themselves to that and to similar occupations, and that, in the common affairs of life, no weight is to be attached to those partial and incomplete notions of Providence which it is not only possible to form, but which hardly any one does in fact abstain from forming.

The other side of Voltaire's belief is to some extent brought out in *L'Ingénu*, which, though not so popular nor so well written as *Candide*, contains a fuller explanation of its author's views, and a discussion of their grounds which has a far greater air of good faith. *L'Ingénu* is a Huron, who lands in France, and makes his observations on what he finds there from the point of view which a man would occupy who had not been broken into the conventionalities of life. He naturally gets into considerable trouble. After falling in love with a beautiful girl, who returns his affection, he gets into the Bastille, where for a year or two he is locked up with an old Jansenist, who educates him in all matters of science; and he is converted by him to a sort of Deism, enunciated in a paragraph which may be taken as the key-note of the book:—

Que pensez vous donc de l'âme [says the Jansenist,] de la manière dont nous recevons nos idées, de notre volonté, de la grâce, du libre arbitre? . . . Rien, lui répartit l'Ingénu; si je pensais quelque chose, c'est que nous sommes sous la puissance de l'Être éternel comme les astres et les éléments; qu'il fait tout en nous; que nous sommes de petites roues de la machine immense dont il est l'âme, qu'il agit par des lois générales et non par des vues particulières, cela seul me paraît intelligible, tout le reste est pour moi un abîme de ténèbres.

The hero's mistress delivers him from prison at the price of her virtue, for which Gordon, the Jansenist, who, in his former state of mind, would have condemned, in his new condition admires and respects her. She, however, dies out of an excess of moral sublimity which, if Gordon was right, was not particularly reasonable. Her lover rises into all sorts of eminence.

Putting together the doctrine of *Candide* and that of *L'Ingénu*, we get the result that the most reasonable account of the world is that it was made and is ruled by a Being who governs it according to certain fixed rules quite unconnected with particular events, which must be considered to be beneath his notice; and this, it is said, is proved by the absence of moral value in a large proportion of the affairs of life. Both the doctrine itself, and the evidence appealed to in support of it, give the most curious impression, not merely of shallowness, but of a want of the power of appreciating the view taken by those whom the books were intended to refute. Voltaire's conception of God is flimsy to the last degree. To suppose that a person, who acts according to general rules laid down by himself, is less closely connected with the particular acts to which the general rules apply than he would have been if he had acted with a view to particular cases only as they arose, is mere confusion of thought. If a man gets up every morning at six o'clock, it is no less true that he got up on any given morning at six than it would have been if he had got up on every other morning at five or seven. The general rule has no existence apart from the particular cases of which it is made up; and if it be asserted that the world is governed by general rules only, without reference to particular cases, the difficulties attendant upon the contrary opinion are rather increased than diminished. It is, however, difficult to doubt that Voltaire fell into an error which has always exercised, and still exercises, a very wide influence over speculation. He was haunted by the idea that a general rule has an inherent vigour of its own, so that a law-maker abdicates, as it were, in favour of the laws which he has himself made. A moment's reflection shows the absurdity of such a notion. De Maistre and Comte each pointed out, for different reasons, the opposition which exists between the notion of a law, in the mathematical sense of the word, and that of a cause. A law in that sense is a mere uniformity of sequence. A cause implies compulsion, and mere uniformity of sequence proves nothing whatever as to causation. It is a mere result according to which facts are classified, and cannot without the most monstrous absurdity

be said to produce the particular cases of the aggregate of which it is itself composed. Voltaire's theory—if it was his theory—that God made general laws, and that the general laws caused the particular hard cases of life, is just like saying that the architect built the house, and that the house made the bad drains and close rooms.

The reflection to which *Candide* and *L'Ingénu* lead us is, that they attack an opinion which no reasonable person holds, and which we do not believe that Leibnitz held—that is to say, the opinion that the world is so contrived that the good are always happy and the bad always miserable. Any other theory upon the subject such books leave perfectly untouched. They leave, however, something else unrefuted which is far more important than any theory. When the Jansenist and the Huron meet in the Bastille, the former says to the latter:—"Il faut que Dieu ait de grands desseins sur vous, puisque il vous a conduit du lac Ontario en Angleterre et en France, qu'il vous a fait baptiser en Basse Bretagne, et qu'il vous a mis ici pour votre salut." The Huron replies, "Si je fais réflexion au nombre prodigieux d'hommes qui partent d'un hemisphere pour aller se faire tuer dans l'autre, ou qui font naufrage en chemin et qui sont mangés des poissons, je ne vois pas les gracieux desseins de Dieu pour tous ces gens là." Theories about Providence sink into insignificance in comparison with the importance of the practical adoption and diffusion of one or the other of the two classes of feelings indicated in these speeches. Voltaire utterly fails to show that there is anything either unmanly or unreasonable in the sentiment which he disapproves, and he appears to have been entirely unconscious of the fact that that which he advances is open to the gravest objections. With respect to the belief that men are the subjects of a Divine education, and that the various events of life have a moral significance, it is to be observed that no one puts it forward as a conclusion scientifically attained. There are two reasons which would form conclusive objections to any such arrogance. In the first place, no one can ever fully know the facts of his own or of his neighbour's life—especially of that hidden internal life to which outward actions are only an index, and a most imperfect one. It is therefore impossible to say what has been the result upon any given man of the various scenes through which he has passed. In the second place, there is a contradiction in the notion that a learner should be able to say precisely what it is that he is learning. From the nature of the case his knowledge must be fragmentary, or, at any rate, most imperfect, nor can he ever be in a position, till his education is entirely completed, to give a full account of its nature and objects.

Though, however, no one may be in a position to state, as a scientific conclusion and with scientific precision, the fact that he and other men are the subject of such a training as the Jansenist in the Bastille affirmed to exist, there are the strongest possible reasons why they should incline to the belief that the fact is so; and, in such a case, the difference between considerable probability and an absence of reasonable doubt is by no means very great. It is no doubt totally impossible to account for either moral or physical evil, and to explain their relations to the world at large, but it is perfectly possible to make various assertions respecting them which are supported by perfectly conclusive evidence. The fact that suffering not merited by any assignable misconduct has frequently the best effects on the character is totally ignored by Voltaire; yet it is one of the most important facts of life. Whatever else suffering and sin may do, the world as it is would be reduced, if they were suddenly abolished, to a condition which could hardly be regarded as good. Uninterrupted, unconscious enjoyment and general benevolence would make at best a sort of barley-sugar world, where the fowls fly about ready roasted, and crying, Come, eat me. Nor is it less certain that, under the present dispensation, there are, and always have been, a considerable number of persons who have put the calamities with which they have been exercised to a use which has moved the wonder and admiration of all mankind—a use showing that adversity, even of the severest sort, and that temptations of the most trying kind, may be made to elevate and ennoble the whole character. No contrast can be stronger or more instructive than the contrast between *Candide* and the 11th chapter of the Hebrews. The man who denied the moral government of the world was rich, brilliant, imitably clever, and popular and influential beyond all example. The people who lived by faith, and earnestly and entirely believed that their lives were providentially governed, had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings—they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins in the holes and caves of the earth. If St. Paul had been asked how he could be such a fool as to believe that the affairs of life were meant to convey to him any moral lesson whatever—when merits considerably superior to *Candide's* resulted in forty stripes save one, five times repeated, a night and a day in the deep, weariness and painfulness, starving, imprisonment, and ultimately beheading—he would probably have answered, "I glory in my infirmities." Would our conception of his magnanimity or wisdom have been exalted if, as the result of prolonged experience, he had settled down with Barnabas and Luke to grow corn for the Roman market, and had left his converts to go on with Christianity or let it alone as they might think proper? Would our belief in Providence have been strengthened if he had been unanimously elected to a professorship at Athens after his sermon on Mars Hill, and lived prosperously and quietly ever after?

Perhaps the most marked feature in the whole of Voltaire's theory is its extreme pettiness. A world governed on the principles of poetical justice would be exceedingly ill governed. Every one must feel that prosperity and misfortune cannot be made to balance like the debit and credit sides of an account. If a man has passed years in grief and bitterness of soul, that fact is not wiped out by subsequent splendour, and he must be a very poor creature indeed if he did not feel that, were he dealt with on that principle, he would be treated like a child. The fact that the life which we live on this earth is in every way mysterious, incomplete, and incapable of being described by any systematic theory—and the correlative fact that its incompleteness and mystery would never strike us if it were not traversed in all directions by rays of light which no darkness can quite obscure, and without which the darkness itself would be invisible—are the two cardinal points on which all the deepest feelings and principles of human nature must always hinge. It is curious that a man of Voltaire's genius should ever have treated them so lightly and in so inadequate a manner, and that he should have countenanced the notion that a redistribution of prosperity and adversity would explain the mysterious side of life.

We must, in conclusion, say a word on the literary merits of Voltaire's novels. They are, in our judgment, altogether unequalled. The clearness, animation, and rapidity of the story, and the condensation and point of the style, are merits of which we are rapidly losing even the tradition. *Candide*, rewritten in monthly numbers, would fill some six or eight hundred closely-printed large octavo pages, interspersed with as many things called reflections as would fill the whole bulk of the original work.

#### HANDBOOK FOR OXFORD.\*

PROBABLY there is no city in the United Kingdom, with the exception of its metropolis, which possesses such a concentration of interest as Oxford. Its historical associations are spread over a long succession of ages. Not to speak of more apocryphal reminiscences, it was a favourite residence of one of our monarchs, and the birthplace of another. It was the scene of important transactions in the troubled reign of Stephen, and witnessed an episode in the equally troubled reign of the third Henry. It beheld the seeds of the Reformation sown by Wycliff, and saw the martyrdom of Cranmer and his fellow-sufferers. It became a confessor for the Church of England as against Puritanism under the second Stuart, and as against Popery under the fourth. It has been, at least since the Reformation, a sort of head-quarters of that Church, and has witnessed, in our own day, the most remarkable theological convulsions which it has experienced since the Reformation. Its outward appearance is in keeping with its history. It bears traces of the architecture of eight centuries—from the rude belfry-tower of St. Michael's, which has been assigned on good authority to the age of the Confessor, to Mr. Scott's exquisite imitation of the Sainte Chapelle, which is now rising in its immediate neighbourhood. It is true that it contains no building of the first rank; but it exhibits an almost infinite variety—and that especial variety, under the influence of accidental yet harmonious grouping, which has a charm more akin to that of nature than to that of art. In its æsthetic as well as in its moral aspect it betrays a strong spirit of Conservatism, and, occasionally, one of studied Revivalism. We see in Oxford the shadow of the Middle Ages projected far into the region of modern life. A College is a strange compound, half club half convent, and its daily usages are curiously intermingled with the past. For two centuries after the Reformation, Protestant founders cast their institutions in the mould of Wykeham and Waynflete; the scholastic system appears to have been a living thing at the beginning of the last century, and its ghost still haunts the academic shades. These facts have their parallel in the architecture of Oxford. The revival of mediæval art which we have ourselves witnessed had its precursors here in the early part of the seventeenth century. Nowhere in England—we may almost say nowhere in Europe—shall we find such good and pure Gothic, built at a time when the style was defunct elsewhere, as is presented by the chapels of Wadham, Lincoln, and Jesus Colleges, and in the staircase of Christchurch Hall, and as was to be seen in the chapel of Exeter College before its destruction. As regards the first, indeed, of the buildings just mentioned, which occupies the "site of the monastery of the Austin friars," we are informed by the writer of the work before us that "its windows, from the exquisite taste and keeping of style of their construction, were long thought to have been genuine Augustinian, but the book kept by the clerk of the works, still preserved in the college, bears the strongest evidence to the contrary, in exhibiting the expenses and time occupied in their erection." (p. 111).

With these attractions, added to that of personal interest arising out of past or indirect connexion with the place, it is no wonder that Oxford, at the most pleasant season of the year, draws to itself crowds of visitors from all parts of the country. The only wonder is that it is not even more popular than it is, when we consider the throngs of English men and women who are to be met with in the dingy and unsavoury alleys of Continental cities from June till October. It may be reasonably doubted, however, whether a large proportion of those who do go to Oxford examine its antiquities in a very intelligent spirit.

\* *A Handbook for Visitors to Oxford.* Illustrated by cxxviii. Woodcuts by Jewitt, and xlviii. Steel-plates by Le Keux. A New Edition. Oxford. 1858.

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Ponderous breakfasts and elaborate luncheons, Nuneham pic-nics and the Saturnalia of the theatre, varied by an occasional stroll round Christchurch Walk or St. John's Gardens, make up the usual history of a visit to Oxford. Of course, these observations may be extended, *mutatis mutandis*, to tourists on the Continent; but, thanks to Mr. Murray, it is our countrymen's own fault if, with his manuals in their hands, they do not carry away with them a more thorough knowledge of the places which they visit than can be derived from the evidence of their senses, even when aided by the commentaries of a *cicerone*. It is said, and probably with truth, that many Englishmen have derived the entire stock of historical knowledge which they possess from these invaluable travelling companions. The series of *Handbooks for England*, which is now issuing from the same quarter, will probably do good service in diffusing a more detailed knowledge than is at present common of the history and antiquities of our own country.

Until about ten years ago, a good Oxford Guide was a desideratum. At that time the *Handbook for Oxford* was first published by Messrs. J. H. and J. Parker, and a new edition of it is now before us. Measured by the average standard of such works, it deserves a high rank. It is thoroughly and minutely done, and displays a great amount of antiquarian knowledge and research. In fact, it is evidently the work of a professed and competent archaeologist; and the visitor to Oxford who will take the trouble to study the buildings by the light which it affords will, to say the least, have had a good practical lesson in architectural detail. In saying this, we are perhaps stating the principal merit of the book. Its architectural descriptions are very exact, and the author is most scrupulous in assigning every work to its proper date. The volume closes with a chronological list of buildings, reaching from the Conquest to the present day. Indeed the author appears to be so fully convinced of the importance of architectural chronology that it might almost be doubted whether he is always equally alive to the artistic merits of the buildings which he is describing. We also venture to think that the writer displays a justifiable, but too exclusive, preference for mediæval architecture. He has hardly a good word to bestow on the grand specimens of the revived classical style, of which Oxford has good right to be proud. There are few edifices of this stamp in England which can come into competition with the Radcliffe Library, the portico of the Clarendon, and the Hall and Chapel of Queen's College. But the author of the *Handbook* says nothing in favour of the second, awards a slight modicum of commendation to the last, and reserves all his praise of the first for its truly noble interior. A sacred building in this style evidently gives a severe shock to his ecclesiological system. He damns Queen's College Chapel with faint praise, almost cancelled by the distressing admission that it is "of a style to which we are unaccustomed in ecclesiastical edifices" (p. 154). He laments pathetically the hybrid style of Brasenose Chapel, which has "Gothic windows" between "Grecian columns," and yet, "is obliged to admit that, 'unhallowed as such an union must ever be, the effect is less displeasing than might have been anticipated' (p. 82). Nevertheless, we will give the *Handbook* credit for being, on the whole, an accurate and trustworthy guide to the architectural antiquities of Oxford; and if the intellectual food which it contains is somewhat dry, no doubt it is all the more wholesome.

But when we take the author out of the sphere of architectural antiquity, we cannot always give him even the praise of accuracy. It seems strange that a writer whose descriptions evince the most intimate familiarity with the localities to which he introduces the reader should not have taken pains to inform himself concerning the constitution and government of the ancient educational bodies in the midst of which he must, to say the least, have spent a considerable time. Had he passed over the constitution of the University and its Colleges in total silence, it would have been much to be regretted, as it is a point upon which strangers are generally very ill-informed. Still the book, with a slight change in its title, might have been thoroughly useful as a guide to the material antiquities of the place. But as this is not the case, and as an Introduction of some pages has been devoted expressly to the academical constitution, it is much to be lamented that the author's statements on this subject are frequently so erroneous as they are.

The Introduction sets out by admitting that the object of the volume "is to furnish the visitor with a handbook for the University of Oxford, and to tell him in a few words the history and chief points of interest of those buildings which will meet his eye in his walks about it." This premise, it proceeds to suggest that "whilst dealing with the particulars, it must frequently occur to him that he ought to be told something of the universal." It is evident that our author, if he has not had time to get up the politics of the University, has at least lived long enough in it to have caught the language of the schools, although, as appears in the present instance, not long enough to have learned its meaning. However, we are not left long in doubt as to the meaning of this elaborate antithesis; for, the "particulars" being, of course, "the buildings which will meet his eye," the "universal" appears from the following sentence to be the University. "The University, although, as it may seem, an abstraction or ideality, is nevertheless a corporate body." More logical language, with even less of logic! It is not easy to see why the University would have more chance of being "a corporate body" if it existed in ever so concrete and material a form, and we

must therefore leave the adversative particle as a standing *crux* for future grammarians. The author tells us that—

"The business of the University, as such, is carried on in its two assemblies or 'Houses' of 'Congregation' and 'Convocation.'"

The House of Congregation consists of all Doctors and Masters of Arts who are resident or hold certain offices. The House of Convocation consists of all Masters of Arts and graduates of a higher order.

The business of the first of these Houses is chiefly to grant degrees and pass graces and dispensations; that of the latter is unlimited, extending to all subjects connected with the well-being of the University, including the election of Chancellor, Members of Parliament, and many of the officers of the University. It has, however, no initiative power, but can only treat with whatever it may receive from the Hebdomadal Council, who are elected from the Heads of Houses, Professors, and other Masters, in equal proportion, and who meet weekly, and thence derive their name. (pp. ix. x.)

It is not often that we find such a number of erroneous statements compressed into such a narrow space. The first and most fundamental error is this. Under the existing constitution of the University there are not two, but three houses—viz., the Convocation, constituted as is stated above; the old Congregation, or *Congregatio Magistrorum Regentium*, consisting of certain functionaries, all Doctors, and all Masters of Arts for the space of two years only; and the new Congregation, or "Congregation of the University of Oxford," recently established by Act of Parliament, and consisting "of all Doctors or Masters of Arts who are resident or hold certain offices." The duties which are assigned in the *Handbook* to the last-mentioned body really belong to the old, and not to the new Congregation. It is worthy of observation that when the first edition of the *Handbook* was published, the new Congregation had not yet been established. The error, therefore, which has here been pointed out is not simply the retention of a statement made in the earlier edition—it has been actually inserted in the new one. Again, we are informed that Convocation "has no initiative power." This is not the case, as the particular objects specified—viz., "the election of Chancellor, Members of Parliament, and many of the officers of the University"—originate in Convocation. It is true, however, that ordinary matters of business can only be brought before it by the Council, and any reform in the statutes must have previously passed, not only the Council, but the new Congregation also. This misconception appears in another form elsewhere. We are informed, in p. 103, that the Convocation-House is "principally used for conferring degrees." The writer appears to be quite unconscious of the activity which the academical Parliament has manifested ever since it has been permitted to debate in the vernacular language. A few minor inaccuracies of the same kind may be mentioned. The writer tells us that the "fellows" are "called students at Christchurch." (p. xii.) Now, the position of the students, who are mere stipendiaries of the Chapter, is in no respect analogous to that of the Fellows, who are members of the governing body in their several societies. We are told that the Theatre is the place where "are celebrated the public acts of the University, the Comitia, and Encenia, and Lord Crewe's annual Commemoration of founders and benefactors." (p. 105). The author is evidently wholly ignorant that the "Comitia" have long ceased to exist, and that the "Encenia" and "Commemoration," are one and the same thing. There is also a curious theory of academical degrees:—"The most usual course is from Bachelor of Arts, or B.A., to M.A., thence to Bachelor, and ultimately Doctor of Divinity." (p. xiii). If this means that this is "the most usual course" for those who are ambitious of reaching the last named degree, it is less than the truth, since there is no other course open. If it means that this is "the most usual course" for all members of the University, it is wholly untrue, as not one in a hundred ever takes a degree in Divinity. Lastly we are informed that the distinction "between Oxford and the foreign Universities" is "that while they consist each of a single college, in Oxford there are nineteen colleges and five halls." (p. xv.) A plurality of colleges certainly exists still in one foreign University, and existed formerly in many more. Whether any foreign University consists "of a single college," in the sense in which we use the term, is more than we can say; the majority of them certainly do not.

The inaccuracies of the *Handbook* are by no means confined to the class which has just been mentioned. They extend into the domain of history and biography. The author of the *Handbook* evidently believes that Alfred had a hand in establishing Halls in the University, if he was not the founder of the University itself; and that John Erigena lectured in one of those Halls in 882. We wish the author had adduced any evidence of the existence of the University before the twelfth century, for which we have looked in vain.

To turn to a somewhat earlier period of history, we learn, from p. 22, that the Church of St. Aldate "takes its name from a British saint, who, in the fifth century, was instrumental in defeating Hengist, King of the East Angles." We do not mind confessing that we know nothing about St. Aldate, but still, unless there is direct evidence to the contrary, the very form of his name will scarcely permit us to doubt that he was no Briton, but an Angle himself. But who in the world was "Hengist, King of the East Angles?" The East Anglian kingdom is said to have been consolidated by Uffa, in the latter half of the sixth century. If, therefore, there had been a Hengist among the Uffingas—which there never was—he could not have been defeated through the instrumentality of St. Aldate in the fifth century. Possibly St. Aldate may be identified with Eidiol Gadarn, of whose canonization we have never heard, but who is

represented by the Welsh chroniclers as the only person who escaped from the treachery of Hengist (King of Kent) in the murderous onslaught upon Salisbury Plain, and as having at a later period avenged the blood of his countrymen by the defeat and decapitation of the invading chief. If this be the source of the error, we can only describe the statement of the *Handbook* as an unaccountable perversion of an incredible story. So much for our author as a guide to early British history.

It is asserted in p. 69 that Archbishop Chichele was "Chancellor of the University at the time" that St. Mary's Church was re-opened "in 1488." Chichele died in 1443!

In enumerating the worthies of Corpus Christi College (p. 42), the *Handbook* names Ludovicus Vives among those "who have been educated within its walls." Vives was, indeed, one of the first Fellows of Corpus, but can hardly be said to have been "educated" there. *En revanche*, the list is deprived of two of its most recent ornaments—Arnold, and the author of the *Christian Year*.

The statements of the *Handbook* are in some instances positively inconsistent with each other. Take the following for examples:—

It was not until 1613, the day after the burial of the noble proposer, Sir Thomas Bodley, that the first stone of the present structure was laid. (p. 85.)

In this parish [All Saints] were formerly many halls—viz., Broadgates Hall, situated at the extremity of the parish, near St. Mary's, &c. (p. 174.)

The east wing . . . . was not finished till 1613, the year after his death. (p. 90.)

It [Pembroke College] rose . . . upon the ruins of a much earlier academical institution, Broadgates Hall. (p. 229.)

In addition to these actual errors, we find several inaccurate and loosely worded passages which cannot fail in some instances to convey a wrong meaning, and in others are only saved from doing so by failing to convey any meaning at all. An instance of the latter class is to be found in the following passage:—"It [the front of All Souls College] was restored by Robinson, about 1825, and remarkably well done, although at a time when Gothic architecture was better understood than it has since been practised." (p. 165.) Here, again, we are at a loss for the force of the adverbative particle. Why should it be any the less likely that a building should be well restored "at a time when Gothic architecture was better understood than it has since been practised?" But, again, what is the meaning of the last sentence? Is the antithesis between *understanding* and *practising*? and if so, what is the force of it?

We are told in p. 19, that the statue of Cyril Jackson, in Christchurch, "by Sir Francis Chantrey, will hand down the name and the fame of that admirable sculptor to succeeding generations." We should rather have thought that it would "hand down the name and the fame of that admirable" Dean, and that the artist did not need the memorial.

In p. 162, Queen Mary II. is described as "Mary, Queen-Consort of William III." Doubtless, Mary was the consort of William III.; but she was no more his Queen-Consort than Queen Victoria is the Queen-Consort of Prince Albert.

New College is said, in p. 124, to mark "a new era in our academical annals. Before this, the Aularian system, even in the case of Merton, had generally prevailed." Unquestionably Merton is the type of the earlier, and New College of the later foundations. The Colleges were also, in early times, generally called *Aula*—the name given to all academical houses. But there is nothing in the system of Merton, or the earlier colleges, more "Aularian" than in that of the later ones. The "Aularian system" is simply opposed to the collegiate system, and cannot exist in the case of a college, by whatever style incorporated.

In p. 38, we find the following redundancy:—"The extent of his [Bp. Fox] munificence may be collected from an anecdote related by a Roman Catholic writer who attended at his funeral." Bishop Fox died in 1528, when it would have been difficult to find a Protestant writer in England. But even if it were otherwise, to what purpose is the mention of the writer's religion in this context?

Finally, at the foot of p. 22, we have a very queer little note:—"Among the ornaments will be noticed the usual emblems of the four Evangelists, according to the description of them by Ezekiel (i. 10), and St. John (Rev. iv. 6, 7)." Everybody knows that the so-called Evangelistic symbols are drawn from the passages in question; but to describe the prophet and the apostle as giving a description of the "emblems of the four Evangelists," is rather like putting a gloss upon the sacred text.

Perhaps the deficiency of æsthetical description and criticism, to which we have adverted above, may be regarded as having been in some degree atoned for by the illustrations in wood and steel, which are profusely scattered over and between the pages. These are certainly excellent in their kind. Messrs. Jewitt and Le Keux are well known as two of the best architectural engravers in England. Accordingly, the title-page, as we have seen, announces in large Roman numerals, "CXXVIII. Woodcuts, by Jewitt, and XXVIII. Steel-Plates, by Le Keux." These illustrations are unquestionably excellent, and quite worthy of the eminent artists referred to. But we are sorry to say that they are not quite new. In the list of Messrs. Parker's publications, at the end of the volume, we find, among other interesting works, the following advertised:—*Memorials of the Colleges and Halls in the University of Oxford*;—*Memorials of the Public Buildings of Oxford*;—*The Churches of Oxford*. Now nearly all

the steel-plates, and a portion of the woodcuts, which decorate the *Handbook* have already appeared in Dr. Ingram's *Memorials*. Indeed, the plan of the city in the *Handbook* bears marks of its origin, and has been only partially altered to suit the present state of things. The woodcut of Queen's Cloister in p. 156, and that of the library in p. 157, have not been altered at all, and are now incorrect. But this is not all. In the next page to that which announces the *Memorials*, we find a long list of 107 *Views in Oxford* for selection, "Quarto, price one shilling each." Are these, or are they not, the old steel-plates in a separate form? Of course this is all fair play, but it cannot be denied that the revelation in some degree depreciates the value of the *Handbook* for *Oxford*.

Notwithstanding this and other blemishes, however, the book can quite afford to stand on its own merits. It is not only the best guide-book to Oxford; but, taking it all in all, it is one of the best guide-books we know. Nobody who will take the trouble to study the antiquities of that noble city, with the aid of its accurate architectural description, can fail to make himself acquainted with the broad principles of English mediæval architecture. We hope the author may find it worth his while to put forth a Third Edition, and that he will not forget, in that case, to free the work from its glaring faults.

#### ROBERTSON'S LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.\*

THIS volume consists of a few lectures and addresses delivered by the late Mr. Robertson, of Brighton, chiefly to working men of that town. It is now about five years since Mr. Robertson died, and his name was then scarcely known beyond the circle of his own private friends and of those among whom he had laboured in his calling. Now, every word he ever wrote is eagerly sought for and affectionately treasured up, and meets with the most reverent and admiring welcome from men of all parties and all shades of opinion. Like all teachers who have not a new system to communicate, but make accepted truths in an especial manner their own, he can only arrest the attention of those who find in his writings what they themselves want. To them he is a teacher quite beyond comparison—his words have a meaning, his thoughts a truth and depth, which they cannot find elsewhere. And they never look to him in vain. He was never commonplace; he never merely repeated what he had received from others. In every sermon, lecture, and address that he ever wrote, there was something said that could not be found elsewhere. It is easy to see the limitations of his mind, although a mind so constantly expanding was really perhaps checked by nothing but death. But in the works he has left, we can see that he was under the influence of teachers who had impressed him very strongly, and that his thoughts ran in grooves that had been cut for him. A careful study of even a small portion of his writings will show how powerfully he had been acted on by some of his contemporaries, and more especially by Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Maurice, and Wordsworth. An aspiration after the performance of real work, a tendency to get out of everything the meaning he wished to find in it, and a mystical interpretation of nature may be traced in all that he has left behind him. But, nevertheless, he fixes himself upon the recollection as a most original and profound thinker, and as a man in whom excellence put on a new form. The great teachers of religion may, indeed, be divided into two classes—those who strike out a new channel of religious thought, and those in whom what is new belongs to the character, to the feelings, and to the mind of the teacher. The latter attract and seize upon us, because what is half real to us is wholly real to them—because they have penetrated into the heart of things, while we only flutter outside. Such men are open to the criticism that what they say has been said before; and their merits are not susceptible of proof, and scarcely of analysis. They exercise over us an influence closely resembling that of singularly beautiful, wise, and highly-wrought characters in living and social intercourse. We can never make any one who is unaffected by these characters concede that he ought to be affected by them. But we ourselves do not cease to revere and admire because our neighbours are not impressed. There are very many persons, and the number increases every year, to whom Robertson's writings are the most stable, exhaustless, and satisfactory form of religious and moral teaching which the nineteenth century has given—the most wise, suggestive and practical. But this is an opinion which they may entertain firmly, yet which they cannot demonstrate to be just.

These Lectures and Addresses throw some new light on the constitution of Robertson's mind, and on the direction in which, and the means by which, it was unfolding itself when an early grave closed over its growth. But we do not think this the occasion to enter into any general survey of his career, because in this volume we are told that we are soon to have a selection from his letters, and it would be premature to take up the general subject until this important addition to our materials is in our hands. We may express a hope that the letters will be preceded by a short memoir, abstaining from every intrusion on privacy, and from all attempt at laudation. What we principally want is a

\* *Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics.* By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., of Brighton. London: Smith and Elder. 1858.

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good chronology of his studies and his ministerial labours, so that we may see the respective stages of his course, and fix, by periods of time, so far as that is possible, the marked epochs in the ripening of his character and the development of his intellect. It is well known that at college he attracted little attention, and he is remembered at Oxford, we believe, chiefly as a listless, gentlemanly, rather dreamy young man. We should wish to know, if it can be told without trespassing on the sanctity of private life, what were the circumstances which produced so great a change in him subsequently, and to what portions of his later life we are to attribute his several writings.

The contents of this volume fall under two heads. They consist of Addresses on the Management of a Working Man's Institute, and of Lectures on Mr. Robertson's favourite poets, and especially on Wordsworth. A working man's institute was opened at Brighton in 1848, and Mr. Robertson delivered an opening address. To deliver a good address to working men is as hard a task as a man can be called on to fulfil. When we read what Mr. Robertson said, we feel that he could not make a difficult task easy, but that his honesty, his friendliness, and his freshness of mind carried him through. He managed at once to place himself in the right position towards his hearers. On the one hand, he did not flatter them, or pretend that they could thoroughly understand him. On the other hand, he gave them of his best, and weighed his words as carefully, and poured forth his thoughts as freely, as if he had had to address the most educated audience in the world. He was rewarded for this, and for that general bearing towards the working classes of which it was a part, by an influence and an authority with them, a love and confiding attachment shown to him by them, which were then perhaps a greater rarity in the history of a clergyman's career than they are now. The young institute soon got into trouble; for the more violent portion of its members insisted on introducing books to which the others strongly objected. Mr. Robertson addressed them all again, and pointed out that the introduction of atheistical literature was not a consequence of permitting freedom in thought, but an outrage on the feelings of the great majority of the members. He also argued strongly against an absurd rule by which all above the rank of working men were excluded from taking part in the management of the institute. In accordance with the advice he gave, the society was reconstructed, and has since grown and flourished. There are also many other indications in the volume of the esteem in which Mr. Robertson was held, and of the effect he produced on persons of very different classes and characters. It is, indeed, satisfactory that it was true in his instance—as it has been proved true in so many instances—that a man is sure to gain a hearing and a following in England who has something to say, and who says it frankly and persistently.

The criticisms on English poets and on poets generally are very interesting and good. But on such a subject it is impossible that a lecturer should say what has not, in some shape or other, been said before. The greatest interest attaching to these lectures is to be found in their connexion with the life and character of the speaker, and we must reserve that topic until the forthcoming volume of Letters gives us a fuller basis for criticism than we now have. For the present, therefore, we will content ourselves with two or three extracts. The first is a passage containing a reference to his own personal history, and shows how genuine with him was the love of nature:—

I wish I could give to the working men in this room one conception of what I have seen and witnessed, or bring the emotions of those glorious spots to the hearts of those who cannot afford to see them. I wish I could describe one scene, which is passing before my memory this moment, when I found myself alone in a solitary valley of the Alps, without a guide, and a thunderstorm coming on; I wish I could explain how every circumstance combined to produce the same feeling, and ministered to unity of impression: the slow, wild wreathing of the vapours round the peaks, concealing their summits, and imparting in semblance their own motion, till each dark mountain form seemed to be mysterious and alive; the eagle-like plunge of the Lämmer-geier, the bearded vulture of the Alps; the rising of the flock of choughs, which I had surprised at their feast on carrion, with their red beaks and legs, and their wild shrill cries, startling the solitude and silence—till the blue lightning streamed at last, and the shattering thunder crashed as if the mountains must give way: and then came the feelings, which in their fulness man can feel but once in life; mingled sensations of awe and triumph, and defiance of danger, pride, rapture, contempt of pain, humbleness and intense repose, as if all the strife and struggle of the elements were only uttering the unrest of man's bosom; so that in all such scenes there is a feeling of relief, and he is tempted to cry out exultingly, There! there! all this was in my heart, and it was never said out till now!

After speaking of Wordsworth's lines on the "Daffodils," he thus continues:—

Now, I have quoted the passages you have heard, in order to call your attention to the subtle perception and the exquisite delicacy which is in them. I have reminded you of the difficulty I encounter in bringing them before a public audience. In reading Wordsworth the sensation is as the sensation of the pure water drinker, whose palate is so refined that he can distinguish between rill and rill, river and river, fountain and fountain, as compared with the obtuser sensation of him who has destroyed the delicacy of his palate by grosser libations, and who can distinguish no difference between water and water, because to him all pure things are equally insipid. It is like listening to the mysterious music in the conch sea shell, which is so delicate and refined that we are uncertain whether it is the music and sound of the shell, or merely the pulses throbbing in our own ear; it is like watching the quivering rays of fleeting light that shoot up to heaven as we are looking at the sunset; so fine, so exquisitely touching is the sense of feeling, that we doubt whether it is reality we are gazing upon at all, or whether it is not merely an image created by the power and the trembling of our own inner imagination.

And we will add one passage more, in which he lets us see how he

himself found food for his imagination in all that was around him, and even at Brighton had a heart for poetry:—

Nay, even round this Brighton of ours, treeless and prosaic as people call it, there are materials enough for poetry, for the heart that is not petrified in conventional maxims about beauty. Enough in its free downs, which are ever changing their distance and their shape, as the lights and cloud-shadows sail over them, and over the graceful forms of whose endless variety of slopes the eye wanders, unarrested by abruptness, with an entrancing feeling of fulness, and a restful satisfaction to the pure sense of Form. And enough upon our own sea-shore and in our rare sunsets. A man might have watched with delight, beyond all words, last night, the long, deep purple lines of clouds, edged with intolerable radiance, passing into orange, yellow, pale green, and leaden blue, and reflected below in warm, purple shadows, and cold, green lights, upon the sea—and then, the dying of it all away? And then he might have remembered those lines of Shakespeare; and often quoted as they are, the poet would have interpreted the sunset, and the sunset what the poet meant by the exclamation which follows the disappearance of a similar aerial vision:—

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of: and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

#### A GERMAN DRAMATIST.\*

HERR GUSTAV FREYTAG is well known to the English public as the author of the most popular German novel of the day, *Debit and Credit*. He has lately published a collection of five plays. Except the first, which is historical, they are all based upon the facts of existing German society. Three of them contain the ideas which were current among the educated classes of the nation before the breaking out of the last Revolution. The reaction of the last few years seems only to have influenced one comedy. As, however, there is a certain connexion of thought between both periods, it is easy to trace throughout the unity of the writer and his age.

Herr Freytag belongs to what is called the "Storm and Press" school of German thought; for although the phrase is a little antiquated, the fact is never likely to become so. Schiller's *Robbers*, and the plays which Canning parodied in the *Anti-Jacobin*, may be taken as typical instances of the class. An overwrought idealism is, with this school, the author's source of inspiration. A contempt for law and the settled order of society, aspirations after nature and freedom from conventional restraints, are the commonplaces which every plot illustrates. It depends upon the writer's character whether this tendency is exhibited in a panegyric of heroic burglars, or in protests against the inconvenient restraints of marriage. It would be a mistake to call productions of this kind simply melodramatic. The word with us implies, indeed, the extravagance of passion, but it tacitly conveys the idea of absence of intellect. Now, the fact is, that the most ludicrous passages in Canning are copied, not from Kotzebue, but from Schiller and Goethe; and Kotzebue, though not a poet, was decidedly a better playwright than his rivals. It is often the ablest men in whom the taint is strongest, simply because they embody the sentiments of their nation most truly. The truth seems to be, that the nation in which official pedantry is most rampant and intolerable is for ever led by a passionate reaction to seek truth in the world of abstractions and dreams. Hence there is a melancholy antagonism either between classes and interests, or between the early and the later lives of the same men. The "Bursch" who has read Heine and Uhland—who has belonged to a secret society, and perhaps taken part in an insurrection—becomes the "Philister" of middle life, stolid, respectable, above all things avoiding change, and reverencing the police next to money. Or, if a clever man, like Herr Freytag, he builds up a happy fabric of humour on the ruins of his old poetical follies.

An abstract of one of the plays before us will illustrate and complete what we have said. The hero of *Valentine* is a certain George Winegg, who has been compelled to quit the country for some political escapades, has lived among the Indians, and has now returned, under the assumed name of Saalfeld. As he is waiting in an inn, the Court favourite, Count Wöning, speaks roughly to a poor girl. George interferes and insults the Count, but refuses to fight, having some scruples about duels. He concludes by begging the young lady not to come in his way again:—"Thou art grateful, and I am no Cato (*good naturedly*). I should not like my remembrance to be painful to thee." The brutal fatuity of this speech is a good prelude to the next scene, in which George presents a letter of introduction to Valentine, Baroness von Geldern, the favourite whom it is feared the reigning Prince will marry. George has brought a recommendation for his skill in ornamental gardening. As soon as the room is clear, he commences to talk sentiment, and tells the lady that she has "deep feeling and a vigorous soul." He adds that he procured the introduction from hearing that she once expressed a wish to die "without her stays on." He then confides to her his own relationship to one of the Ministers, and his position as a returned convict; and winds up by announcing that he will not allow her to become the Prince's Valentine at an approaching Court festival. Here the Baroness very naturally leaves the room.

George now enters upon a complicated series of intrigues. It is amusing, though perhaps not wonderful, to observe that transcendental morality offers no obstacle to downright lying. Fortunately for himself, he has secured an able associate—a certain Benjamin Stubbe, whom he had detected some hours before in

\* *Dramatische Werke von Gustav Freytag*. London: Williams and Norgate.

the act of picking his pocket, and promoted on the spot to the post of confidential valet. Benjamin has lived the life of a foundling, street-boy, and thief; but these positions seem to be peculiarly favourable in Germany, for he is able on an emergency to pass himself off before the police as a "literate," and his conversation is sprightly and even witty. At present his moral powers are being developed by an education which makes it his hourly duty to lie, and appeals to his sense of honour not to steal. Conceivably English Charlie Bates soliloquizing after this fashion:—

"O my master is a devil, a hard unfeeling man, and I am miserable since I have entered his service. Once I used to steal in cheerful tranquillity of mind, now I have nothing but vexation. Yesterday a Turkish pipe-head, richly mounted with silver, is lying upon his table; I merely cast just a little glance at it, and in a moment he had observed my glance, and says, 'Benjamin, take the head, it is yours' (with warmth). What business is it of his, if I look at his pipe-heads? What does he mean by giving me a thing which I might have stolen for myself? I put the head into my pocket, though I trembled with anger; there was no honour in it; I despised his present. This morning I filled the head for him again and gave it him with my morning pipe. Then he gave me his hand, and said, 'I thank thee, my good fellow' (smiling); he gave me his hand, and said, 'My good fellow,' and 'I thank thee.'"

But if German thieves have an exquisite sensibility to honour, German nobles appear to be irreclaimable villains. As George has baffled the Prince's hopes, and given him the Princess Mary, whom he ought to marry, instead of Mme. von Geldern as his Valentine, Count Wöning persuades his royal master to force an interview at night with the baroness. The lady to whom George has been making love energetically at intervals, dismisses her royal admirer with dignity, and soon afterwards calls George, who has been listening under the window, up into her room. Just as he has concluded giving her a moral lesson, thieves break in. George stuns one, and the other escapes hastily; but the watch have been alarmed, and, in order to save Valentine's honour, George declares himself a burglar. She is taken off to prison, and in course of time condemned. Then the baroness steps forward, and confesses the truth. She is ordered to leave the court, and of course does it in the company of her lover. As she has loved him "from the first hour in which she saw him," the two or three days of the drama's action must be considered a reasonable time for the *dénouement*.

If this drama were alone of its kind, we might only wonder at the questionable taste which induced an experienced author to reprint one of his early productions. But it stands between two of the same type, in one of which the lesson is reversed, and an abandoned aristocrat is saved by marrying the daughter of a market-gardener. Of course it is gratifying to know that every immoral palace has its antidote hard by in a virtuous alley. But what conclusion, after all, is to be drawn from the lessons of Herr Freytag and his school? Is society to be saved by intermarriages of St. Giles and St. James? Or is even this method too mild, and are we to choose our governors and teachers out of the offscouring of jails. Surely all these tirades of mawkish sentiment are nothing more than the commonplaces of Rousseau. If society must choose between them, it had better take the high-bred rake of the old French school, whose only excuses are fashion and hot blood, than the sentimental German Bursch, who refines away adultery into "feeling," and "independence of the world," and "nature." The only hopeless stage of corruption is when the soul is debauched. To do Herr Freytag justice, he appears to be very far indeed from desiring these results. But contempt for ordinary proprieties, sudden intimacies, and secret meetings by night, are not likely to make the relations of the two sexes more virtuous. They generally originate with Lovelace, and are of very doubtful benefit to Clarissa. Neither are the political results of these theories more encouraging than the social. In 1848 Germany fell for a time into the hands of the middle and lower classes, who at once lifted their literary teachers into power. An ignominious war with a weak neighbour was the only result, and the people soon collapsed into the normal, though more tolerable, misgovernment of their Courts and bureaucracy. The faith in sudden conversions and spasmodic reforms has been replaced by a theoretical contempt for theories, and a singular devotion to vulgar money-getting. It is not the rakes and villains who have been converted, but the enthusiasts who have lost faith in ideas.

Herr Freytag's last play is a curious example of this change. It is a good-natured but unsparing satire upon journalism and politics. A little country town is convulsed by the election of a deputy; and the editor of the Liberal paper succeeds, by the able canvassing of his staff, in winning a dangerous victory over the father of his intended bride. Of course a quarrel results, and matters are only hushed up by the intervention of a good-natured heiress who has fallen in love with the sub-editor, and purchases the obnoxious paper. All the interior of a second-rate provincial journal is amusingly burlesqued; and the tricks by which the electioneering agents succeed in winning over the principal voter are a lively version of the staple English jokes. It seems that in Germany it is sufficient to praise, instead of buying, the merchant's wine, and his wife, not his children, must be kissed. The moral is, that representative institutions are a farce; and that a man who persists in devoting himself to a cause and promulgating his ideas will expose himself to a great deal of needless annoyance. All this must be very satisfactory to the police and to the Royal Highness to whom *Debit and Credit* was dedicated.

In spite of their absurd plots and impossible *Dramatis Personæ* these plays are sufficiently amusing; and those who care for light German literature will do well to look them through. A passage

from the *Journalists* will serve as a fair specimen of the style. The editor Bolz is looking over his proofs:—

"Alle Wetter! is he bringing in the old sea-serpent again? I wish it were cooked as jelly for him, and he were forced to eat it." (Hurries to the door on the right.) "Bellmaus, monster, come forth!" Bellmaus (coming in from the right with a pen in his hand). "What is it? What is all the noise about?" Bolz (solemnly). "When we did you the honour to entrust you with preparing 'the Varieties' for this paper, it was never meant that you should twist one eternal great sea-serpent through the gaps of our journal. How could you put in the worn-out lie again?" Bellmaus. "It just suited; we wanted six lines." Bolz. "That is an excuse, but not a good one. Invent your own stories, or why are you a journalist. Make up a little 'communication'; e.g., an observation about human life in general, or about the letting dogs run loose in the streets; or look up some horrible story, such as a murder out of politeness, or how a badger has bitten seven sleeping children, or something of that sort. And if you will put in some remarkable foreign news, even the Emperor Soulooué is always better than this used-up sea-serpent. There is so much that happens, and so unutterably much that does not happen, that a well-regulated journalist can never be in want of news."

The Title and Contents of Vol. VI. will be published on Saturday next.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

FAREWELL SEASON OF MR. CHARLES KEAN AS MANAGER. Monday, December 27th (Boxing Night), THE JEALOUS WIFE. After which will be produced a new grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled, THE KING OF THE CASTLE; or, Harlequin Prince Diamond, and the Princess Brighteyes. Harlequin, Mr. COMEY; Clown, Mr. HULINE; Pantaloon, Mr. PAULGO; and Columbine, Miss C. ADAMS. Tuesday and Friday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Thursday, MACBETH. Wednesday and Saturday, THE CORSIAN BROTHERS. And the Pantomime every evening.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will give a MATINEE MUSICAL OF CLASSICAL MUSIC at the St. James's Hall, on Saturday, January 15th, previous to her departure for a Provincial Tour. To commence at Half-past Two o'clock.

### MR. ALBERT SMITH'S CHINA.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS.—The New Entertainment will be given on

Monday Afternoon, Dec. 27	Thursday Afternoon, Dec. 30
Monday Evening, " 27	Thursday Evening, " 30
Tuesday Afternoon, " 28	Friday Afternoon, " 31
Tuesday Evening, " 28	Friday Evening, " 31
Wednesday Afternoon, " 29	Saturday Afternoon, Jan. 1
Wednesday Evening, " 29	Saturday Evening, " 1

The Afternoon Representations will take place at Three o'clock, and the Evening ones at Eight o'clock. Stalls, price 3s., can be secured every day at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, between Eleven and Four. The Area is 2s.; and the Gallery, 1s.

SIXTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES AND WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, the Contributions of British Artists, is NOW OPEN at the FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall. Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. Open from Ten till Five.

### CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM AND DRAWING SCHOOLS will be open to the Public FREE every Morning and Evening, from Monday the 27th of December, to Saturday the 1st of January, both days inclusive. Hours in the Daytime from Ten to Four; and in the Evening, Seven till Ten.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29TH.—MR. P. T. BARNUM'S ADDRESS (with Pictorial Illustrations) on the SCIENCE OF MAKING MONEY; also an original definition of HUMBOLDT. Commencing at Eight precisely. Stalls, 3s.; Balcony Seats, 2s.; Body of Hall and Gallery, 1s. Tickets at CHAPPELL and Co.'s; MITCHELL's Royal Library; CHAMBER and BEALE's; JULLIEN's; KEITH's, 43, Cheapside; CLARK's, 132, Jernyn-street; and at the Hall.

MR. JOHN BENNETT ON THE WATCH.—MR. JOHN BENNETT, F.R.A.S., Member of the National Academy of Paris, will lecture on the Watch, what to make and how to make it—

Dec. 16, Beddington.	Jan. 18, Dorking.	Feb. 1, Slough.
Jan. 4, Hackney.	" 24, Stowmarket.	" 8, Ball's Pond.
" 5, Carshalton.	" 25, Ipswich.	" 15, Wolverton.
" 11, Windsor.	" 27, Windsor.	" 18, Agar Town.

The Lecture will be illustrated by a great variety of models and diagrams, and specimens of clocks and watches. Syllabuses can be had at the Watch Manufactory, 65, Cheapside.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.—BONN ON THE RHINE.—MR. MORSEBACH, Principal of an Establishment at BONN, will be in England the beginning of January, when he will be happy to see the friends of his English pupils and attend to new inquiries. Messrs. DICKINSON, 114, New Bond-street, will supply references or prospectuses, and give any necessary information.

EDUCATION.—THE DAUGHTERS OF A PHYSICIAN, residing in the best part of the North-west district of London, RECEIVE FOR EDUCATION TWELVE YOUNG LADIES, the daughters of gentlemen. They are assisted by Masters of eminence, and a resident French Governess. Terms, 60 Guineas per annum; or including extras, 80 Guineas. References to clergymen and others, the parents of pupils. The NEXT TERM will commence (D.V.) 18th JANUARY, 1859. For further particulars address G. K. care of Mr. CALDER, 1, Bathurst-street, Hyde Park-gardens, W.

A GRADUATE IN CLASSICAL HONOURS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON desires an ENGAGEMENT as TUTOR in a family, or in a school where his services would not be required out of school hours. Besides Classics, he is competent to teach French and German (acquired on the Continent), and the Elements of Mathematics. The Advertiser is a member of the English Church, and can furnish testimonials of character and requirements. Address J. B.P., the Mansion, Leatherhead.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.—All the Wards are now open. Additional FUNDS are earnestly SOLICITED. A large number of Out-patients are daily seen by the Physicians. PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL, ISLINGTON. ESTABLISHED 1802.—TWO HUNDRED BEDS. President.—The Right Hon. LORD MONTAGLE.

Cases of Fever of every kind, and in all stages of malignity, occurring in the Families of the Poor, or among the Domestic of the Affluent, are received into the Hospital at all hours. FUNDS are PRESSINGLY NEEDED. Money may be paid to the Treasurers, Messrs. HOARE and Co., Fleet-street; or to the Secretary, at the Hospital.

METROPOLITAN CONVALESCENT INSTITUTION. ASYLUM, WALTON-ON-THAMES. President.—His Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Chairman.—Colonel F. PAGET.

This Asylum receives from the various hospitals, and from the crowded courts and alleys all over the metropolis, many patients, whose only hope of recovery is from pure air, rest, and good diet. It contains 134 beds, and admitted during last year 1226 patients, most of whom were restored to health in little more than three weeks, and able to return to their work. The Institution is dependent entirely upon Voluntary Contributions, and the Board earnestly APPEAL for the MEANS of maintaining and extending the Benefits of this most useful charity.

Subscriptions and Donations are received by Messrs. HOARE, Fleet-street; by Messrs. DAUMON, Charing-cross; and at the Office of the Institution, 32, Backville-street, London, W. CHARLES HOLMES, Sec.



# **BANK OF DEPOSIT.—ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844.**

Parties desirous of Investing Money are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with ample security. Deposits made by Special Agreement, may be withdrawn without notice. The interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

# **LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION,**

81, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.—INSTITUTED 1808.

President—CHARLES FRANKS, Esq.

Vice-President—JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq.

TRUSTEES.

Francis H. Mitchell, Esq.  
Alfred Head, Esq.

Robert Hanbury, Esq.  
Bonamy Dobree, Esq.

The London Life Association was established more than fifty years ago on the principle of Mutual Assurance, the whole of the benefits being shared by the members assured. The surplus is ascertained each year, and appropriated solely to a reduction of the premiums, and not to an increase of the sum assured by the policies, the members being entitled to such reduction after they have been assured for seven years.

The Society has paid in claims more than £3,740,000

And has policies now in force amounting to 6,200,000

For the payment of which it possesses a capital exceeding 2,660,000

And a gross income from premiums and interest of more than 325,000

Assurances may be effected for any sum not exceeding £10,000 on the same life. The Society has no agents and allows no commission.

EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.

# **THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

OFFICES—No. 1, DAIN STREET, LIVERPOOL; and 20 and 21, POULTRY, LONDON.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £2,000,000.

1856.	1857.	1857.
£222,000.....Fire Premiums	£239,000.....Increase	£67,000
72,750.....Life	110,900.....Increase	38,000
17,338.....Life Annuities	27,000.....Increase	9,600
820,000.....Funds accumulated	1,088,000.....Increase	268,000
	and invested	

The Income of the Company now exceeds £450,000 a year. The sums paid in settlement of losses exceed One Million Sterling.

FIRE INSURANCE, at home and abroad, at rates proportioned to the risk.

LIFE INSURANCE.—Prospectuses may be had on application, and attention is specially invited to the system of Guaranteed Bonuses in the Life Department, by which is secured—1. Exemption from liability in partnership, under any possible circumstances. 2. Bonuses, which are not contingent on profits, but fixed and guaranteed by the whole resources of the Company.

Fire Policies due Christmas Day should be renewed on or before January 9th, 1859.

SWINTON BOULT, Secretary.

# **ALLIANCE BRITISH AND FOREIGN LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.**

ESTABLISHED 1824.

(BRANCH OFFICES: EDINBURGH, IPSWICH, and BURY ST. EDMUNDS.)

CAPITAL, FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

President—Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, Bart.

DIRECTORS.

James Alexander, Esq.  
Charles George Barnett, Esq.  
George Henry Barnett, Esq.  
Charles Buxton, Esq., M.P.  
Sir George Carroll.  
Benjamin Cohen, Esq.  
James Fitcher, Esq.  
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William Gladstone, Esq.  
James Helme, Esq.  
John Irving, Esq.  
Elliot Macnaghten, Esq.  
J. Mayer Montefiore, Esq.  
Sir A. de Rothschild, Bart.  
Lionel N. de Rothschild, Esq., M.P.  
Thomas Charles Smith, Esq.

AUDITORS.

George Joachim Goschen, Esq.—Andrew Johnston, Esq.—George Peabody, Esq.  
The Receipts for the Renewal Premiums due at Christmas are ready for delivery in Town and at the several Agencies.

FRANCIS A. ENGELBACH, Actuary and Secretary.

# **PATENT DERRICK COMPANY (LIMITED).**

OFFICES—27, CORNHILL, LONDON.

CAPITAL, £100,000. IN TWO THOUSAND SHARES OF £50 EACH.

This Company's Floating Derricks are eminently adapted to raising sunken and recovering stranded vessels. The annual number of Wrecks upon our coasts exceeds One Thousand, and the estimated value of this loss amounts to 22 millions sterling.

A large proportion of these vessels may be recovered by the Patent Floating Derricks, and an agreement has been entered into with the Marine Insurance Companies, and Underwriters of London and Liverpool, which (after deducting working expenses) secures to this Company 75 per cent. of the net salvage proceeds so recovered from all vessels and cargoes sunk prior to the date of the agreement.

Two of these Derricks, belonging to the New York Company, have raised and saved over 400 vessels. This Company commenced by paying its shareholders half-yearly dividends of 10 per cent.; but since July, 1857, has regularly paid quarterly dividends of the like amount.

A limited number of Shares of £50 each, in the Capital Stock of the Patent Derrick Company remain for allotment. These Shares are required to be paid as follows:—£10 per Share on Application, and the remainder by Calls of £10 each, at intervals of one Month between each Call.

Forms of Application for Shares, and Prospectuses, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company.

27, Cornhill, London, E.C.

G. J. SHARP, Sec.

# **NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UPPER AND MIDDLE CLASS SCHOOLMASTERS.—AT A SPECIAL MEETING of the Committee, held in London, on Saturday, the 18th instant, it was resolved—**

1. That, in order to meet the expressed wishes of a majority of the members, the next General Committee Meeting shall take place on Wednesday, the 5th of January, 1859, at 10 a.m.

2. That the Conference shall commence its sitting at the Guildhall, London, on Thursday, the 9th of January, at 10 a.m., and, if necessary, resume its sitting on the following day.

3. That admissions shall be by cards only, which must bear the holder's address, and will not be transferable. These cards can be obtained of the Senior Honorary Secretary between the 27th of December and the 4th of January.

4. That all persons intending to take part in the discussions must give notice of such intention to the Honorary Secretaries on or before the 3rd of January.

5. That ladies taking an interest in education shall be admitted (by card as above) to hear the discussions.

6. That arrangements be made for securing convenient accommodation on moderate terms for parties attending the Conference from the provinces, and that the following gentlemen be a sub-committee for carrying out such arrangements and receiving applications on the subject, viz.—The Rev. Professor Christmas, M.A., Larkhill-rise, Clapham; the Rev. Herbert Williams, M.A., Head Master Brewers' Company's School; and Rev. James L. Hunt, Camden-town.

A communication was received from the Lord Mayor, intimating that his lordship was now sufficiently recovered from his illness to undertake to preside.

It was also announced that nearly 600 schoolmasters, more than two-thirds of whom were University graduates, had expressed their approval of the Conference, and their intention of attending it. Notwithstanding the persevering efforts which had been made by certain parties to obstruct the Conference and detach members from it, only nine names have been withdrawn, and these had been already replaced by others of at least equal weight.

An important and encouraging communication was received from Lord John Russell, M.P.

E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D., Hon. Sec.  
C. J. WYNN, M.A.,

**PURE BRANDY, 16s. per Gallon.—PALE or BROWN EAU-DE-VIE**, of exquisite flavour and great purity—identical, indeed, in every respect with those choice productions of the Cognac district, which are now difficult to procure at any price—35s. per dozen, French bottles and case included, or 16s. per gallon.

HENRY BERT and Co., Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn.

**UNSOPHISTICATED GENEVA**, of the true Juniper flavour, and precisely as it runs from the Still, without the addition of sugar or any ingredient whatever. Imperial gallon, 13s.; or in one-dozen cases, 29s. each, bottles and case included. Price Currents (free) by post.

HENRY BERT and Co., Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn.

**ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE IN IMPERIAL PINTS.**

**HARRINGTON PARKER and CO.** are now delivering the October Brewings of the above Celebrated Ale. Its surpassing excellence is vouched for by the highest Medical and Chemical Authorities of the day. Supplied in bottles, also in casks of 18 gallons and upwards, by

HARRINGTON PARKER and CO., Wine and Spirit Merchants,  
54, Pall Mall, London.

**MALMSEY, TWENTY-FOUR SHILLINGS PER DOZEN, Cash.**—This delicious Wine may be obtained at the above extraordinary low price from the Importers,

HARRINGTON PARKER and CO., 54, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

**WINES FROM SOUTH AFRICA:**

**DENMAN, INTRODUCER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PORT, SHERRY, &c.**, 30s. PER DOZEN, BOTTLES INCLUDED. A Pint Sample of each for 2d stamps. Wine in Cask forwarded free to any railway station in England. EXCLUSIO BRANDY, Pale or Brown, 15s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen. TERMS, CASH. Country orders must contain a remittance. Cross cheques "Bank of London." Price-lists, with Dr. Hassall's analysis, forwarded on application.

JAMES L. DENMAN, 65, Fenchurch-street (corner of Railway-place), London.

**HER MAJESTY'S WINE MERCHANT, SPECIALLY APPOINTED SINCE MAY, 1840.**

**JAMES MARKWELL**—Cellars, 35 to 40, and 45, Albemarle-street—Offices, 40, Albemarle, and 4, Stafford Streets. Ports from 30s.; Sherries, 30s.; Madeira, 42s.; Hocks, 40s.; Moselles, 40s.; Sparkling Hocks and Moselles, 48s.; ditto St. Peray, 54s.; ditto Burgundy, 60s.; Claret, 28s.; Chablis, 38s.; Côte Rotie, 48s.; Champagne, 44s.; Sauterne, 40s.; ditto Yquem, 50s.; South African Sherry, Madeira, Amontillado, and Port, 22s.; Essence of Turtle Punch, 55s.; Old Tom, 11s. 6d. All kinds of Foreign Spirits and Liqueurs, particular and direct. Shipments of Montilla, Vino di Pasto, Amontillado, Oloroso, Xres Viejo, Manzanilla, Longworth's Sparkling and Dry Catawba American Peach Brandy; Monongahela and Bourbon Whisky; and Sole Agent for the celebrated Yankee Bitters. Bottled Stock for inspection, 5000 dozen. Cash or reference. As usual very liberal prices given for genuine Old Bottled Wines. Half Pints of first class Champagne only.

**CHRISTMAS HAMPER**, containing One Dozen Sherry, One Dozen Madeira, and One Dozen Port, including bottles and hamper, delivered free to any Railway Station in England or Scotland, price £3 10s.; Half Hamper, £1 15s. Orders to be accompanied by a Post Office Order or London reference payable to THOMAS HEALEY, Charing-cross.—South African Sherry Company, 16, Northumberland-street, Strand, W.C.

# **CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS—CRYSTAL PALACE. REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT.**

The arrangements for the Christmas Holidays in this department will be on the usual liberal scale to suit all classes.

"The Christmas Dinner" will be served in the South Wing Dining Room, at a uniform rate of 3s. per head; consisting of Soups, Joints, Plum-Puddings, Mince-Pies, &c.

Barons of Beef, Boars' Heads, Raised Game Pies, Chickens, Tongues, Hams, &c., will be served near the Kings' and Queens' Screens.

Soups, Fish, Entrées, Joints, Sweets, &c., will be served in the Dining-room and Saloon as usual.

Two Monster Christmas Cakes, weighing 4 cwt. each, will be exhibited in the Centre Transsept, and will be cut during the holidays.

SAWYER and STRANGE, "The London," 191, Fleet-street.

CHRISTMAS, 1858.

**MESSRS. MAPPIN** invite attention to their ELEGANT STOCK of NOVELTIES for the PRESENT SEASON, now on View at their SHOW ROOMS, 67 and 68, King William-street, London.

12 Ivory-handle Silver-plated Fish-eating Knives (in Mahogany Case)	£4 2 0
12 Pairs Ivory-handle Silver-plated Desserts (in Case)	4 0 0
Lady's Travelling Toilet Bag	2 12 0
Elegant Tea and Coffee Service, Electro Silver-plated	0 4 0
Silk Velvet Case, containing Four Pairs finest Scissors	1 5 0
Lady's Morocco Scent-case, with Silver-capped Bottles	1 0 0
Lady's Rosewood full size Dressing Case, completely fitted with Bottles, Cutlery, Brushes, &c.	4 0 0
Gentleman's solid Leather Dressing Case	1 0 0
Gentleman's solid Leather Dressing Case, more completely fitted	2 2 0
A Set of Three Papier Maché Tea Trays	1 11 0

A costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, forwarded by Post, on receipt of twelve stamps.—MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, King William-street, London; Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

**WHEATSTONE'S ENGLISH HARMONIUMS**, in solid cases, manufactured by them expressly for churches, chapels, schools, &c., have the full compass of keys, are of the best quality of tone, best workmanship and material, and do not require tuning.

With 1 stop, oak case	Guineas, 10
With 1 stop, polished mahogany, or figured oak case	12
With 3 stops, organ tones, large size, oak case	15
With 5 stops, ditto	22
With 8 stops, ditto	24
With 10 stops, ditto	30

The tones of the latter can be produced either softer or louder than other harmoniums that cost double the price of this. Prize Medallist, 1851. An extensive assortment of French Harmoniums, with all the latest improvements, from the six guinea School-room Harmonium to the sixty guinea one for the Drawing-room.—WHEATSTONE and CO., 20, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

**WHEATSTONE'S CONCERTINAS**, for £1 16s., of superior make, six-sided, with the double action, to play in five keys; ditto, to play in all keys, £2 12s. 6d. Concertinas having the full compass of notes (48 keys), from four to twelve guineas, the latter as used by Signor Regondi. Manufactured by the inventors and patentees, WHEATSTONE and CO., where may be had their new Patent Concertina, at £1 11s. 6d. and £2 2s.; also a tutor and ten books of airs for ditto, 2s. each.—20, Conduit-street, Regent-street, London, W.

**RAFFAELLE'S CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.**—Messrs. CALDESI and MONTECCHI beg to announce that they have been permitted by the Government to take PHOTOGRAPHS of the CARTOONS by RAFFAELLE at HAMPTON COURT. The Photographs are published by Messrs. PAUL and DODD, Colson and Co., Pall-Mall East, publishers to Her Majesty. Largest size, price Fourteen Guineas the set of seven, or Two and a-half Guineas separately. Middle size, price Seven Guineas the set, or £1 5s. separately. Small size, price 35s. the set, or 6s. separately. Messrs. Caldesi and Montecchi have also photographed some of the most interesting heads and figures in the Cartoons, for the use of those who may wish to study the forms of Raffaele in detail. These amount to about thirty-five in number. Size of the studies—18 inches by 15 inches; price 6s. each to subscribers for the series, or 7s. 6d. separately. Extra study—Our Lord and Peter, in the Miraculous Draught, size 30 inches by 30 inches, price One Guinea to subscribers; 25s. separately. Extra study—"Feed my Sheep," in the Christ charge to Peter, price 15s.

Portraits and Reproductions taken daily at the Photographic Studio, 13 and 14 Pall-Mall East, S.W., and 38, Porchester-terrace, Bayswater, W.

No. 5, LUDGATE HILL.  
**ROBERT ROUGH** manufactures the **BEST FURNITURE** at the most **MODERATE PRICES**. Estimates given, and Designs made free of charge.

**KAMPTULICON,**  
**THE NEW ELASTIC FLOOR CLOTH,**  
 Warm, Noiseless, Durable, and Ornamental. Price 4s. and 4s. 6d. per square yard.—**T. FRIELOCK**, Cocoa-nut Fibre Manufacturer, 42, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

**WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS ENGRAVED AND PRINTED**, by first-class workmen, at **LIMBIRD'S**, 344, STRAND, opposite Waterloo-bridge. Wedding Stationery, Heraldic Engraving, Die-sinking, and Plates for Marking Linen, Books, &c.—**LIMBIRD'S**, 344, Strand, W.C.

**SELF MEASUREMENT IMPOSSIBLE.—PRIZE MEDAL**  
**SHIRT MAKERS.**—Best Shirts, from 9s.; Flannel Shirts and Vest, from 14s.; warranted shrank.—**J. BIRD** and Co., 43, Conduit-street, Hanover-square, W. Manufacture on the Premises.

**NICOLL'S NEW REGISTERED PALETOT**  
 has all those advantages which secured such general popularity to Messrs. NICOLL'S original Paletot; that is to say, as it avoids giving to the wearer an *outré* appearance, professional men, and all others, can use it during morning and afternoon in or out of doors. Secondly, there is an absence of unnecessary seams, thus securing a more graceful outline, and great saving in wear; the latter advantage is considerably enhanced by the application of a peculiar and neatly stitched binding, the mode of effecting which is patented.

In London, the **NEW REGISTERED PALETOT** can alone be had of **H. J. and D. NICOLL**, 114, 116, 118, and 120, REGENT STREET; and 22, CORNHILL.

**A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR YOUTH, &c.**  
**H. J. and D. NICOLL** recommend for an **OUTSIDE COAT** the **HYELOCK** and **PATENT CAPE PALETOT**, and for **ORDINARY USE** the **CAPE SUIT**, such being well adapted for Young Gentlemen, on account of exhibiting considerable economy with general excellence. Gentlemen at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, the Military and Naval Schools, waited on by appointment. A great variety of materials adapted for the Kilted or Highland Costume, as worn by the Royal Princes, may be seen at  
**WARWICK HOUSE, 142 and 144, REGENT STREET.**

**FOR LADIES.**  
**NICOLL'S PATENT HIGHLAND CLOAK**  
 is a combination of utility, elegance, and comfort. No Lady having seen or used such in travelling, for morning wear or for covering full dress, would willingly be without one. It somewhat resembles the old Spanish Roquelaire, and has an elastic Capucine Hood. It is not cumbersome or heavy, and measures from 12 to 16 yards round the outer edge, falling in graceful folds from the shoulders; but by a mechanical contrivance (such being a part of the Patent) the wearer can instantly form semi-sleeves, and thus leave the arms at liberty; at the same time the Cloak can be made as quickly to resume its original shape. The materials chiefly used for travelling are the soft neutral-coloured Shower-proof Woolen Cloths manufactured by this firm, but for the promenade other materials are provided. The price will be Two Guineas and a Half for each Cloak; but with the Mécanique and a lined Hood, a few shillings more are charged. This department is attended to by Cutters, who prepare Mantles of all kinds, with Velvet, Fur, or Cloth Jackets, either for in or out-door use. These at all times—like this Firm's Riding Habit—are in good taste, and fit well. Female attendants may also be seen for Pantalons des Dames à Châle, partially composed of Chamolais. As no measure is required by the Cape, Highland Cloak can be sent at once to any part of the Country, and is thus well adapted for a gift.

**H. J. and D. NICOLL**, Warwick House, 142 and 144, REGENT STREET, London.  
**NICOLL'S PATENT CAPE PALETOT**  
 offers the following desideratum.—The Cape descends from the front part of the shoulders and forms a species of sleeve for each arm; both are at perfect freedom, having to pass through enlarged apertures in the side or body of the Paletot; these apertures, however, are duly covered by the Cape, which does not appear at the back part of the Paletot, but only in the front, and thus serves to form hanging sleeves, at the same time concealing the hands when placed in the pockets. The garment is altogether most convenient and graceful in appearance, and can in London alone be had of **H. J. and D. NICOLL**, 114, 116, 118, and 120, REGENT STREET; and 22, CORNHILL.

**CAUTION.**—In consequence of many impudent attempts to deceive the public, it is necessary to state that all Messrs. NICOLL'S Manufactures may be distinguished by a trade mark, consisting of a silk label attached to each specimen. To copy this is fraud, and may be thus detected: if the garment is dark-coloured, the label has a black ground, with the firm's name and address woven by the Jacquard loom in gold-coloured silk; if the garment is light-coloured, the label has a pale drab ground, and red letters. Each garment is marked in plain figures, at a fixed moderate price, and is of the best materials.

**H. J. and D. NICOLL** have recognised Agents in various parts of the United Kingdom and Colonies, and any information forwarded through them will be thankfully acknowledged or paid for, so that the same may lead to the prosecution of any person copying their trade mark, or making an unfair use of their name; that is to say, in such a manner as may be calculated to mislead.

(Signed) **H. J. and D. NICOLL**,  
 REGENT STREET and CORNHILL, London.

**132, REGENT STREET, W.**  
**NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT** for the Nobility and Gentry.  
 Naval, Military, and Clerical Tailor and Outfitter.  
**132, REGENT STREET, W., WILLIAM CLARK**, from **H. J. and D. NICOLL**.

**132, REGENT STREET, W.**  
**NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT** for the Professional and Commercial Public, Clerical, Legal, and Court Robe Maker.  
**132, REGENT STREET, W., WILLIAM CLARK**, from **H. J. and D. NICOLL**.

**132, REGENT STREET, W.**  
**WILLIAM CLARK**, from **H. J. and D. NICOLL**.

The **NON-REGISTERED PERMISSIO CLOTH PALETOT**: the cloth used for this graceful garment being made from the Llama and Astracan Wools, has a great advantage over the ordinary Llama cloth, being finer and stronger, with a permanent finish, retaining all the softness of the Llama, it is an article of clothing that illustrates, both in material and design, perhaps better than any other garment of the season, the prevailing and growing taste amongst the well-dressing part of the public for chasteness and simplicity of style in dress. It is made only in dark, fine cloths, or in dark colours slightly mixed with a lighter shade: some of these plain colours are of distinctly novel tints, and the few sprinklings of mixtures added in others to these original shades, produce a variety quite sufficient to give ample choice without impairing in the slightest degree the character required for a quiet and gentlemanly garment. Two of these latter are especially adapted for Frock Coats for clergymen, one of them is so dark as not to be easily detected from black, but affording more durability for wear than can be produced in plain black. The other is a little lighter, and while it is equally well adapted for Frock Coats, is also peculiarly suitable for clerical and other quiet professional Paletots.

**WM. CLARK** has also a very strong fabric of fine Doeskin, in exactly the same colourings, for trousers, and which is more durable than ordinary cloth, in plain colours or mixtures; the price is alike for the Paletots, Morning, or Frock Coats, 42s., and the Trousers, 21s.; Lounging, Travelling, or Business Suits, made from the Patent finished Coteswold Angoras, at 60s.; Waterproof Capes and Overcoats, of every description and novelty in material, from 21s. Full dress Evening Suits, Black cloth Dress Coat, White Vest, and Black Trousers, complete for 75s.; every other article of Dress equally moderate in cost. Ladies' Riding Habits, in Waterproof Tweeds or Melton Cloths, for Morning wear, 60s.; do. do. in Superfine cloth, 45 to 47 7s.

**WILLIAM CLARK**, Naval, Military, and Clerical Tailor and Robe Maker,  
 132, REGENT STREET, W.

**132, REGENT STREET, W.**  
**WILLIAM CLARK'S CLERICAL SUITS** at 44s.

Made from the permanent finished Cloth, that will neither spot nor shrink. Clerical Gowns and Surplices equally moderate in cost.

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 128 Pages, and 88 Cuts, for 14 Stamps.  
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